TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

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PESSIMISM IS FELT AS PARIS WON'T RELENT

Hungry Berliners Attack Alleged Profiteers; Separatists Ruin Works of Art.

Notwithstanding evidences of cordial support from Great Britain, Belgium and Italy, there is only deepest pessimism in Washington concerning the fate of America's latest proposal to help Europe through the agency of a new reparations conference.

"France still blocks the way," was the only official comment obtainable Monday on Premier Poincare's Sunday utterances, in which he revealed that the French government has not receded an inch.

It remains to be seen whether French opposition to the new move to determine how much reparations Germany is capable of paying can withstand the combined pressure of Britain, Belgium, Italy and the United States, to whose help in 1917-18 France owes her commanding position on the continent today.

Disorders in Berlin.

Bloodless disorders broke out in Berlin Monday. They centered in front of the stock exchange where hungry crowds directed their fury against possessors of foreign money. Men accused as profiteers were attacked and their clothes torn. They were badly beaten.

Enraged groups in the poorer quarters stormed small stores and pawnshops. Money changers, suspected of profiteering in exchange of foreign money, were attacked and their clothing was ripped to pieces in the hope that valuable foreign currency or gold would be found.

The police closed the money changers' curb market.

The entire Nationalist press has united in a "drum fire attack" against Chancellor Gustavus Stresemann, whom they want displaced by a Nationalist dictator. They also demand the resignation of Premier Ebert because he is a Socialist.

President Ebert, more than any other individual, has the fate of Germany in his hands.

Chancellor Stresemann announced that if he could not get a majority of the reichstag to support him he would rule without a parliament, which means that he would dissolve the reichstag to strengthen the dictatorship. He cannot do that, however, without President Ebert's explicit authority under the new German constitution.

The German government, in a statement last week, admitted that Berlin has permitted the former crown prince to return to his native land. Former Crown Prince Wilhelm has been an exile on the Dutch island of Wieringen since November, 1918, when he and his father the former kaiser, fled across the German border into Holland.

Art Treasures Ruined.

The famous old kaiser hall at Aix, a treasure house of art wherein 37 German rulers were crowned prior to 1531, is a sorry spectacle as the result of fighting within its walls, between the Matthes Separatists and the small guard of police and firemen. The damage done is irreparable. Eight frescoes, ranked among the finest examples in modern painting were ruined. A celebrated portrait of Charlemagne suffered seriously, while another picture was pierced by 22 bullets.

When the Separatists, temporarily successful in their attack on the building were ordered by the Belgians to leave the city, it did not take them long to comply. The Belgian officers' ultimatum placed the time limit at 90 minutes but immediately the 1,500 republicans marched to the station and entrained.

Four of them who flaunted a Separatist proclamation from the rear platform of the train as it pulled out, were yanked off the cars by the crowd and taken to an open space, where two were beaten to death. The other two were rescued in a dying condition by the police.

French Judges Told to Study Finance

Minister of justice Colrat has decided that future French judges must pass an examination to show whether they know the difference between bonds and stocks before they are allowed to mount the bench.

The minister came to the conclusion that judicial ignorance of commerce and finance had been carried to an extent where cases involving these subjects were bound hand and foot to experts—often self-styled—whose reports the justice accepted without question.

Anti-Arid "Friends" to Strike Pinchot

Plans for a series of mass meetings in Pennsylvania as part of a "war to the finish on Pinchot and prohibition," were announced recently by the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment.

The first of the gatherings is to be held in Harrisburg Dec. 7.

"Reports from all sections of Pennsylvania," said the announcement, "show that the people are ripe for revolt against domination by the anti-Saloon league through Governor Pinchot, its trustee. Their opportunity comes at the primaries in April, 1924."

Cussword Surname Embarrasses Native

Ponciano C. Caramba, a Manilla resident, has petitioned the local courts to permit him to change his surname to Maramba. He claims that his present name sounds so much like a favorite Spanish cussword that it causes him embarrassment at times.

REVAMPING OF WHEAT MARKET IS URGED BY U. S. INVESTIGATORS

Meyer and Mondell Tell Coolidge Production Also Should Be Cut Down; Many Proposed Cures Worse Than Disease.

Both production and marketing methods must be revised if there is to be an adequate solution of the wheat problem, in the opinion of the war finance corporation investigators, who recently toured the wheat growing areas at the request of President Coolidge.

In a 5,000-word report to the President, made public Nov. 4, the two corporation directors declared that not only should there be an improved marketing system but that steps should be taken to adjust American production in times of world overproduction. Already the directors, Eugene Meyer, Jr., and Frank W. Mondell, have talked over their findings with Mr. Coolidge and it has been indicated that, after further conferences with private interests concerned, the proposals advanced in the report may form the basis of a definite administration policy of relief. Whether legislation will be ready for presentation at the opening of the next congress, however, remains undetermined.

Cures Worse Than Disease.

The report warned against too much sympathy and emotion in working out the problem and urged maintenance of "a thoroughly rational attitude" in efforts to alleviate distress. It added that countless means of attaining the end long sought were laid before the two officials in various conferences, but most of them were rejected as cures likely to prove more damaging than the disease.

"We feel, as a result of our trip," the report continued, "that the solution of the wheat problem lies along two lines: First, the adjustment of production to American needs if the world market is oversupplied from other producing countries at lower prices than are satisfactory to the American producer under prevailing conditions, and, second, the development of an improved market system such as we believe can be brought about by the organizing of the producers of the country for the purpose of marketing their wheat under the co-operative marketing plan, making it unnecessary to rely so completely upon the uncertain functioning of the speculative public contract market.

Ineffective Proposals.

"It is relatively easy to detect the proposals of those who seek to exploit agricultural distress for their own political purposes. But it is far more difficult to deal with the proposals of sincere and honest minded people who seek to solve problems by short cuts which are unsound and which, therefore, are bound to be ineffective."

Discussing the depression among the wheat farmers, the report said, the local tax burden was one of the chief causes of complaint because it added materially to production costs. The scarcity and high cost of labor were cited as fundamental factors, while freight charges develop another vital problem, accentuating the producers' troubles.

In connection with the tax question, the report said the privilege accorded states, counties and municipalities of seling tax exempt securities has encouraged them to make "extravagant" expenditures. The tax exempt securities are finding ready sale, the report stated, the higher brackets of the federal income surtaxes encouraging investors to place money in them. Abolishment of the tax exempt security and reduction of the higher income surtaxes, therefore, the directors felt, indirectly would aid the farmer by reducing his local tax assessments.

Price Fixing Opposed.

Price fixing appeared to have more opponents than advocates, according to the report, but with regard to the proposal that the government purchase "surplus" production a different situation was said to exist. Supporters of the latter plan state it "in very simple terms," the report said, adding it of course is no means as simple as it appears and likely would subject the American government to charges of dumping the product into world markets. The officials pointed out that this government had sought to protect itself from that sort of thing through a rigid anti-dumping act and they believed a policy of dumping abroad would bring serious reactions.

The two officials said their study of agricultural conditions gave them a more hopeful feeling regarding the future of the industry "than many of those interested in certain lines of production are inclined to believe."

"Speculative System Fails."

The report discussed various proposals at length but went into more detail with respect to co-operative marketing, declaring in conclusion that even where sentiment existed for the purchase of the surplus or for price fixing, there was general admission that a plan contemplating orderly marketing "is an essential and fundamental factor" in arriving at a solution. In the view of the two officials, it provides the only method by which the producer can avoid to any extent reliance upon the speculator whom the report described as the "key man" in the industry at present.

"The speculator," the report went on, "is supposed to be the master mind, directing and distributing the flow of wheat, adjusting supply and demand and stabilizing and steadying prices. The trouble is that the speculator does not observe the rules laid down in books on political science. No one can foretell whether, in time of need, he will be there or not. When he is most needed, he is often least in evidence and, in fact, on a declining market is likely to make matters worse by selling wheat rather than buying.

"As a result, the public contract wheat market since the war has not been functioning in a satisfactory way. It undoubtedly has a legitimate field of usefulness. But, as the principal piece of machinery for adjusting the price of the great American wheat crop, it is, under present conditions, entirely inadequate. It may be good as far as it goes, but it is not big enough for the task nor is it dependable enough to be the wheat trade's sole reliance."

3 FACING TRIAL IN SHIP WRECK

Eight Other Officers Are Accused in Crash of Destroyers.

Fixing complete responsibility "for the loss of seven destroyers and of 23 lives at Honda Point, California, Sept. 8," on three officers attached to the destroyer Delphy, the findings of the naval board of inquiry, on which a court martial has been ordered, charge them with "culpable inefficiency in the performance of duty."

Eight other officers who commanded destroyers in the group, which crashed on the rocks after miscalculation of position, will face trial on charges of negligence.

The report of the board said it saw no "extenuating circumstances" in the case of the squadron commander, Captain Edward H. Watson, the commander of the Delphy; Lieutenant Commander Donald T. Hunter, and the navigating officer, Lieutenant Lawrence F. Blodgett, to excuse them from accepting "full responsibility for the accident."

It was held to be "directly attributable to bad judgment and faulty navigation" on their part.

For having "too blindly followed the judgment of the squadron commander" in failing to check the position of their individual ships, the commanders of the other destroyers, the court found, must be held responsible in a measure.

Lloyd George Visit Called "Bold Plan"

Senator Hiram Johnson sees in Lloyd George's visit to this country "a bold plan" to convince the people of the United States "by cleverness and nimbleness of wit" that their moral obligation is to help Europe collect its debts from Germany, the California senator declared in an address recently.

"The United States, despite the blandishments of European statesmen or the mawkish appeals of any of her own, will be neither policeman nor collector abroad," Senator Johnson said.

Fine Topaz Found in U. S.

While the largest and richest of the blue variety of the topaz comes from Russia, Colorado has produced a marvelous reddish brown stone that cannot be excelled, while the clear varieties from New England and Utah are as lovely as a diamond. Many lands have given garnets, but the finest are from New Mexico. Nevada's opals have become important in the commercial world. Fresh water pearls come from the mussel, and are found in the rivers of Arkansas, Indiana and Tennessee.

Feeble Couple Sits as Knot Is Tied

Robert Broom, 91, and a widower, and Elizabeth Bolt, 88, and a spinster, were married recently in Forest Gate, East London. Both were so feeble that they were obliged to sit during the ceremony, which was curtailed in consideration of their weakness. They signed the register with trembling hands.

Air Helps Thirsty Dodge Volstead Act

A new way of evading the Volstead act has been revealed by the prohibition bureau.

Commissioner Haynes was advised by his chief agent in Texas that a New York company was shipping grape juice, which, as soon as it was opened to the air, turned into 15 per cent wine.

Representatives of the company have been arrested, Haynes announced.

NAVAL AIRMEN SMASH MARKS IN SPEED DUEL

Flier Loses Contest as Rival Dodges Death Twice; Travels 274.4 Miles an Hour.

Lieutenant Alford J. Williams and Lieutenant Harold J. Brow, navy airmen, on Nov. 4 fought a speed duel in the air and Williams won, after both had smashed world's records.

Williams, former pitcher on the New York Giants, captured the record of 259.16 miles an hour set by Brow last week over a three-kilometer course, lost it again to Brow and recaptured it just as dusk was setting in.

Williams' unofficial time, which remains to be homologated, was an average of 266.6 miles an hour over a three-kilometer course. Brow, however, traveled faster than ever mortal man had, doing one leg at a rate of 274.4 miles an hour.

Williams twice barely escaped death, once diving at more than 250 miles an hour to within 10 feet of the ground. His second escape came the last time he flew the course, when he darted straight through a squadron of five Martin bombers just arriving at the field from Aberdeen, Md.

Crowd Sees Flight.

A large crowd watched the comrades wage their friendly war. The two airmen appeared more like college athletes competing for a new broad jump record than men casually risking life and limb in a mad race through the air.

Under a fair Indian Summer sky, the two planes of bright marine blue were wheeled out on the field. Williams climbed into his seat and in a few seconds was in the air. When he landed, he had captured Brow's laurels.

Brow shook hands, offered congratulations and then hopped into his own ship. When he descended, it was Williams' turn to dispense the congratulations. This he did most heartily.

"Guess I have to take it away from you again tomorrow, Harold," he said.

Then he jumped into a bigger ship for an exhibition flight over the Bronx, from which he hails. But the lure of the game was too much for him and the home folks had to wait. He craned his neck out of the cockpit, looking at the almost cloudless sky, and then leaped to the ground, tearing off his uniform coat. In shirt sleeves, and with only a helmet, he climbed into his racer again.

Is Again Champion.

Away he went and when he came down he was again champion.

"Great work, Al," cried Brow.

"Well, Harold, we're having a lot of fun, anyway," replied his rival, as the two clasped hands.

Then Williams looked around for his coat, collar and tie. The tie for a moment was lost, and this seemed to concern him much more than his two narrow escapes from death.

Again correctly garbed he climbed into another machine and sped away towards the Bronx for his exhibition flight.

It was a day of intense thrills. The first came when Williams, diving several thousand feet to pick up speed, before darting over the starting line, dropped almost to earth. For a moment it seemed as if he could not recover, but he did, with only 10 feet to spare.

"Closest shave of my life," was the terse way he put it when he came down. Brow found no thrills when he made the second flight of the day. All he had to say of his 274.2 miles per hour, was:

"No features. Everything went exactly O. K."

A feature of the flights, officials of the National Aeronautic association said, was the perfect functioning of the new duralumin propellers, built of an alloy of aluminum, copper and tin upon a hub of steel.

5,000 Quit Home Circles

Five thousand women and girls of all ages were reported missing in Los Angeles during the last year, says Mrs. Georgia Robinson of the police juvenile bureau. Dissatisfaction with conditions at home was responsible for most of the disappearances, she said.

Elm Which Sheltered Washington Chopped Down

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The famous Washington elm in Cambridge, Mass., under which General George Washington assumed command of his armies, July 3, 1775, has been cut down. Dead for a year, it was declared a menace to safety. Chips of the historic tree were given as souvenirs to the crowd.

This photo shows the historic Washington elm as it looked after being cut down.

FARM BUYING POWER GAINS

U. S. Agricultural Position Best in Three Years, Says Department.

The country's agricultural position is the best it has been in three years, the department of agriculture announced recently in its monthly review.

Purchasing power of farm products, though still at a disparity as compared with industrial products, is now at the highest point in three years, the review states. "Moreover, farm prices for agricultural products are higher at a season when farmers actually have something to sell. The Spring wheat territory continues in distress. Farmers in this territory also are discouraged at the low price of potatoes and incidental crops. There is considerable talk of diversification, and especially of increasing dairy stock.

"Prices of crops as a group in September were slightly higher than in August, and 28 per cent higher than in September a year ago. Prices of live stock products as a group made the largest gain of any one month since February, 1922. By specific products, advances were made in cotton, wheat, hogs, eggs, butter and lambs. Corn and potatoes registered declines.

"The index of purchasing power of farm products as a group is placed at 75 as compared with 73 in August and with 64 in September a year ago. The run of hogs and sheep to market continued heavy, although many sheep were re-distributed for feeding. Exports of wheat, including flour, during the first nine months of 1923, were 45,000,000 bushels less than during the corresponding period of 1922, whereas exports of lard showed an increase of 226,000,000 pounds, and of bacon, hams and shoulders 144,000,000 pounds."

Coolidges Place Wreath for Harding

President and Mrs. Coolidge honored the memory of President Harding Nov. 2, the anniversary of his birth, by having a wreath placed in their name on the tomb of the late president in Marion.

Major Ora M. Baldinger, who served as military aide to President Harding and who is detailed to the same service for President Coolidge, left Washington for Marion Thursday night with the wreath.

To Aid Lepers' Children

Plans are on foot to bring the 250 healthy children of lepers at the Culion colony to Manila, where they may be free from exposure to the loathsome disease. The ailment has been found not to be hereditary.

Jack Walton's Ma Is Up Peach Tree

Here's a letter from Mrs. Joseph Thomas of Edmond, Okla., read to the house of representatives:

"I am a little confused and troubled over a matter. My husband was a supporter of Jack Walton and he attended the barbecue, the Walton dance and everything. He told me that Walton was the Mr. Lincoln of the age.

"About that time a new boy came to our house and my husband persuaded me to name him Jack Walton Thomas. Now, I understand you have impeached this man. In what kind of a situation does this leave me and my boy? I have a peach of a boy with an impeached name."

The house roared with laughter, but confessed its inability to help Mrs. Thomas.

COUPLE SILENT FOR SIX YEARS; TALK IN COURT

Man and Wife Spare Words Until They Face Judge; Then Speak.

A silence between a married couple for nearly six years was broken when they spoke to each other during desertion proceedings at Marylebone police court in London.

The husband was summoned for desertion, and his wife, in her testimony, declared that though they had occupied the same living rooms her husband had doggedly maintained silence after a "tiff" they had had nearly six years ago.

"If he wanted anything he would write on a piece of paper for it. We have sat in the parlor for two and three hours at a stretch, and he has never spoken a word," she declared.

The offending husband tried to cross-examine his wife, but as her answers were confined to "Yes" and "No" the magistrate gave up in despair and ordered the husband to contribute $3 weekly to his wife's maintenance.

Roof Eaten by Beetles

When the roof of Westminster Hall in London was recently repaired, it was found that its timbers had been eaten away by the larva of the death-watch beetle until they were no longer safe. All of the original timber of this roof, it is stated by English papers, was of British pedunculate oak from the Sussex weald, felled in the years 1393-6, and probably growing since the eighth century.

WILSON'S VOICE TO SOUND AGAIN

Will Speak for Radio on Eve of Armistic Day; Silent Since 1919.

Woodrow Wilson will address the American people on the night of Nov. 10 on "The Significance of Armistice Day."

He will speak from his S street home here and his message will be carried to every section of the country by radio. It will be the first time his voice has been heard outside of Washington since he was stricken in the West in September, 1919.

The former President has promised to speak for 10 minutes and his friends believe he will devote much of his address to the subject closest to his heart—American participation in the establishment of the peace of the world. They would not be surprised if he should touch upon the present international situation.

Under present plans the former President will begin to speak at 8 o'clock, talking into a microphone. His message will be carried over a telephone wire to an imput speech apparatus mounted on a truck stationed in the yard of the S street home. Amplified by this apparatus it will be carried on telephone wires to the W. C. A. P. broadcasting station here and on another set of wires to the W. E. A. F. station in New York where it will be amplified again before being broadcast on a different wave length from that used by W. C. A. P.

This message by Mr. Wilson will be quite apart from any visit to his home on Armistice day.

Mussolini to Limit Italian Booze Sale

The Mussolini government is about to introduce and pass legislation restricting the sale of liquor.

Official figures show that the yearly death rate attributed to alcoholism is only about 16 per million inhabitants, but it is stated that this figure, although perhaps the smallest in the world, is large enough to worry Mussolini and his colleagues.

It is proposed, under the new measures, to allow in large towns only one establishment selling spirits for every 1,000 inhabitants, including hotels and restaurants, and to forbid the sale of spirits after 10:30 P. M.

Mussolini's proposals have raised severe criticism from many quarters, many people seeing in them the thin end of the wedge for the introduction of prohibition throughout Italy generally.

Coal Order Violated; Firm Is Fined $10,000

A fine of $10,000 and costs was imposed by Federal Judge Westenhaver of Cleveland on the United States Alloy Steel corporation of Canton, Ohio, charged with violating a coal embargo.

It was alleged that the corporation between July 26 and Sept. 20, 1922, had diverted ten cars of coal from a public utilities concern to its own bunkers. The utilities company to which the coal was said to have been consigned was the United Furnace Division Gas Works of Canton.

Judge Westenhaver made the fine $1,000 for each car load plus the court costs.

Fears Black Pants Won't Fit Kellogg

The appointment of Frank B. Kellogg of Minnesota as ambassador to the Court of St. James was criticised by Magnus Johnson and Henrik Shipstead, United States senators-elect.

"The little black pants that ambassadors wear when they appear in Buckingham palace will not fit Frank Kellogg any better than they fit George Harvey," declared Senator Johnson in Duluth.

Senator Shipstead, who defeated Kellogg in the senatorial election last year, said: "It is the kind of an appointment I would expect the President to make, knowing his public record. It shows that he is a reactionary, as I had feared."

ELECTION SEEN AS EVEN BREAK BY POLITICIANS

Democrats, However, Plan to Demand Wide-Range Power in Congress; Dozen States Vote.

Both parties, Republican and Democratic, found solace in the results of Tuesday's off-year elections in a dozen states.

The Republicans were pleased over the fact they won the only senatorial seat at stake in the election—Vermont—where Porter H. Dale, Republican, was elected over Park H. Pollard, Democrat, a cousin of President Coolidge. They also were somewhat jubilant over the gain of one seat in the house from the 24th district in New York.

The Democrats likewise appeared happy over the fact that Democratic candidates were successful in all three gubernatorial contests in Kentucky, in Maryland and in Mississippi and in the retention of seven seats in the house.

Viewed as Even Break.

Impartial observers inclined to the belief that Tuesday's election was about a standoff from a partisan standpoint, and that the results proved little if anything concerning the temper of the electorate in relation to the approaching presidential campaign. Local issues for the most part overshadowed national issues everywhere, and turned the tide of election.

The new senate will now be composed of 51 Republicans, 43 Democrats and two Farmer-Laborites. This allows a Republican majority over the Democrats of eight and a majority over all of only six votes.

G. O. P. Majority Is Slim.

When it is considered that in that slim majority of Republicans is to be found such independents as Brookhart of Iowa, Howell of Nebraska, Frazier of North Dakota, Borah of Idaho, LaFollette of Wisconsin, Norris of Nebraska and Ladd of North Dakota, it will be seen that the Republicans will control the next senate in name only, and only to the exteat they can keep the above named independents in line.

The new house will consist of 224 Republicans, 208 Democrats, one Farmer-Labor, one Independent and one Socialist—a Republican majority over all of but 13 votes.

As in the senate, there are a number of Republicans included in this slim majority that are distinctly independent in their voting—10 of them are a part of the LaFollette organization in Wisconsin—so that absentees and mavericks straying off the party reservation can easily wipe out margins and put both parties on an even footing when it comes to voting.

Democrats to Make Demands.

On the basis of this lineup, the Democrats are going to demand a large-sized share in the organization of the next congress. Leaders do not intend to permit Republicans to run wild in the organization of committees with such preponderant Republican majorities that they can control legislation.

All things considered, Tuesday's elections did not provide any political upsets. The nearest approach to one occurred in the 24th district of New York which returned a Republican congressman, Benjamin L. Fairchild, in place of James V. Ganly, Democrat, who was elected a year ago but died in the interim before he was seated. However, this district is generally considered close.

The seven seats retained by the Democrats were in districts normally Democratic anyway, most of them being from the South, where deaths of incumbents had caused vacancies. Two normally Democratic districts in New York city stayed Democratic.

In Kentucky, the state administration becomes Democratic again after a period of Republicanism under Governor Edwin P. Morrow.

GIRL SPURNED: HANDS COINERS OVER TO COPS

Bad Bills Amounting to $100,000 Said to Have Been Put in Circulation.

Four men, charged with having flooded a dozen cities between New York and Denver with spurious $20 bills, are held in Chicago while engravers of the worthless currency are sought. Secret service men believe the counterfeiting plot of nationwide proportion; apparently bogus bills to the amount of $100,000 have been put into circulation.

A bobbed hair blonde cabaret dancer from Kansas City, whose affections were won then spurned by one of the gang, brought about the arrest of the four, and is co-operating with officers in the further search.

The four held are Lewis Kettler, Ralph C. Oldham, Bob White or Witte, and Edward C. Bronson. Treasury department operatives say that Bronson has confessed. Bronson said that he and his three companions after distributing bad bills amounting to $50,000 had started on a motor trip west with a suitcase containing $50,000 more. The motor trip led through Kansas City. It was there the cabaret girl won Bronson's confidence and gave her affection. When they quarreled and he said that he was "through," she sought officers.

Counterfeit bills, it is said by federal operatives, were put into circulation in Chicago, St. Louis, New York, Milwaukee, Rock Island and Moline, Ill., Omaha, Denver, Boulder, Colo., and Kansas City.

The secret service men said that the bills, which are good enough imitations to be classed as "dangerous," appeared in numbers in New York at the time of the Dempsey-Firpo fight. They were engraved copies of federal reserve notes, bearing serial numbers A207, A208, B198.

WORLD-HISTORY IN THE MAKING

PEACE cannot come to the world until world leaders and their people have put vengeance out of their hearts. Not until the European nations put away hatreds and substitute fear and suspicion with faith in the right as God gives them to see the right will the world be without the dread of war.

Many men are coming to see these things from the viewpoint of Christianity. The late President Harding saw the situation clearly; Secretary Hughes sees it; President Coolidge, a common-sense Christian gentleman, sees it; Lloyd George sees it; Woodrow Wilson sees it. Prominent writers are beginning to see the things necessary to tranquilize the world. They are simple things. Dictatorships, which are now flourishing, may quiet the people temporarily by putting fear into their hearts, but fear cannot eradicate hatreds.

The writer of these lines is not a preacher, and he is not preaching. He is not even a member of any church, and he has no church doctrine to exploit. But he believes as emphatically as it is possible to believe anything that the spirit of God and the love and faith taught by Jesus Christ, given a chance to inflame the souls of men, would put the world in tune with the Infinite. Anybody who can present a better cure for war than that will stand a good chance of winning Mr. Bok's $100,000 prize.

FRANCE'S attitude toward a reparations conference has blighted nearly all hope of accomplishing anything, even if such a conference is held, which now appears doubtful.

In a speech made last week Premier Poincare named conditions of the French participation in the reparations survey that have discouraged Washington. The premier recognized only four points as within the purview of an expert committee. They are:

Germany's capacity for payment.

New methods of payment.

The renovation of German finances.

A new monetary system.

NOT FOR a moment will France give thought to a reduction in the amount of reparations fixed under the Versailles treaty—about $33,000,000,000 in American money.

Briefly, France is determined to have the last gold mark coming to her under the terms of the treaty of peace. She is in favor of going into a conference only if it will help her get her pound of flesh. There is no other way to interpret her attitude as expressed in Premier Poincare's address.

Secretary Hughes has said that he is in favor of Germany being made to pay to her capacity. In the meantime France is not greatly disturbed by the political conditions in Germany. Next to getting her money, the destruction of the German Empire would probably please France. Broken into small states, it would not be a menace to the future of France.

THERE is a story that President Coolidge has made it known that there will be no parley if this country must abide by restrictions made by the French government. Whether this story is true or not we cannot say, but such an attitude on the part of the President might be expected. The conference would be useless if one of the chief parties to it could decide in advance just what it could and could not do.

As this is written, however, the Washington government has taken no official action because it has received no official announcement of the restrictions suggested by the French premier.

The situation is this: The world is face to face with a military power as arrogant in its own determination as was Germany under the kaiser.

EUROPEAN conditions do not make the people of this country responsive to the pleas of David Lloyd George. This eminent world statesman sailed for home at the end of last week. In his farewell address he called upon the new world to perform, along with the British Empire, its full duty to the old world.

"You responded to Europe's need in 1917," Mr. Lloyd George said. "But the work is only half done, and if not completed civilization is doomed within this generation to a catastrophe such as the world has never seen."

LLOYD GEORGE believes, as many in this country have long believed, that if the world is to be saved to Christian civilization the British Empire and the United States, the two great and powerful English-speaking nations of the world, must do it.

This idea will not set well with many Americans, and yet there is truth in it, and there is no way of getting around it. Only two countries, the United States and the British Empire, Lloyd George says, could establish justice in the world. France, he says, is committed to holding the wolf by the ear, even though the wolf later should turn and rend her.

Here is another thought the former British premier uttered upon the eve of his leave taking:

"All vengeance is unbalanced. Every vindicative man or woman is partly insane."

ZEPPELINS TO BE MADE HERE

New Era in Aviation Seen in Establishment of New Base.

All patents and rights to manufacture Zeppelin dirigibles have been purchased by the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Co., it was officially announced by the company Nov. 1. The deal includes the right of manufacture on all engines, machinery and auxiliaries of this type of dirigible.

The purchase price was not announced, but it was declared to be one of the highest in the history of international aviation.

The giant air liners will be manufactured at the Wingfoot Lake aviation field, near Akron, and at the Goodyear plant in the city, making Akron the center of the world's lighter-than-air craft manufacture.

Ocean Service Hope.

Plans which have been completed by the German air navigators for the establishment of a 2½-day trans-Atlantic air service, no doubt will be organized, as the manufacture of the great air liners get under way in Akron, it was stated. Surveys also have been made for the establishment of a 12-hour New York to Chicago air service.

Negotiations for the purchase have been under way for some time, Goodyear officials said. They will be laid before the authorities at Washington in a few days, after which the details will be made public.

Information gathered here from various sources indicate that a corps of experienced Zeppelin designers and builders will be brought here from the plants at Friedrichshaven, where the first Zeppelin was built 23 years ago. These plants have been virtually inactive since the armistice was signed, only the manufacture of a limited number of aircraft for other governments being permitted under the peace terms.

Under the peace treaty the German plants must be razed after the ZR-3, now under construction there for the United States government, is completed.

To Develop New Types.

The German engineers have evolved five types of Zeppelins which may be regarded as standard, capable of carrying great loads of freight, fuel necessary for long-distance flights, complete crews and from 30 to 100 passengers at the rate of 60 to 87.5 miles an hour. Plans also have been perfected for airships for scouting, patrol work and mine spotting in war times.

The Goodyear company has manufactured many of the latest type of dirigibles for the United States army and navy and has several under construction now.

When the armistic was signed the Zeppelin companies in Germany employed 1,600 executives and engineers and 12,000 workmen.

SEVEN BROKERS HELD FOR FRAUD

Federal Grand Jury Charges They Used Mails to Fleece Investors.

The federal grand jury has returned an indictment charging use of the mails to defraud investors against seven members of four brokerage concerns.

An investigation into the affairs of George W. Field & Co., George W. Morse & Co., Hall & Co., and Field Brothers, Federal Attorney Hayward said, disclosed that thousands of investors in all the New England states and in New Jersey and New York had been swindled during the last few years.

Those indicted were George W. Morse, George W. Field, employes earlier in their careers of Charles A. Stoneham & Co., Ralph L. Morse, Leon A. Field, Louis T. Hall, Charles J. Anastasia and Wilfred A. Creighton.

Field and Morse, Hayward said, were the leading figures in the scheme whereby several million dollars were swindled, but they kept themselves in the background.

The indictment charged the seven brokers with having carried out the alleged fraud scheme from the beginning of 1918 until about May, 1922.

The indictment also charged that George W. Field, doing business in 1918 as George W. Field & Co., received more than $150,000 for investment and converted all or part of it illegally to the seven indicted men. Then the Field company in November, 1918, went into bankruptcy and settled with creditors on a basis of five cents on the dollar in cash and 20 cents in notes, "which as a part of said scheme, should never be paid."

Belgrade Wins Fame as Progressive City

Belgrade, recovering from the effects of the Balkan wars and the World war, is going through a period of new building. All over the city one sees evidence of new construction, the materials being stone, brick and steel. The 200,000 inhabitants are bustling with activity, and population is growing. New public buildings, as well as dwellings are being fashioned.

Belgrade is coming to have a reputation as a remarkably clean city. The principal avenues and the side streets as well are swept every night and during Summer months they are watered every morning. The police are smart, upstanding young men, many with good records in the army.

18 Hurt When Trucks Dash Over Sidewalk

Eighteen persons were injured, two probably fatally, when a fire truck and a police car, both answering the same call, collided at Fifth and Broadway, New York, and careened into a crowd of window shoppers and theatergoers.

The truck had the right of way, witnesses said, but the police car was unable to slacken speed in time to let it pass and was caught by one wheel, turned around and flung into the crowd. The fire truck also was piled against the department store.

Paris Hails Boy, 10, as Musical Genius

ROTA RINALDI AT THE PIANO IN HIS PARIS HOME.

A new musical genius, as precocious as many of the great masters, his predecessors, has arisen in Paris in Rota Rinaldi, 10, whose oratorio, "The Childhood of St. John the Baptist," has just been given.

The young composer, frail and slender for his years, conducted the 250-piece orchestra during a part of the performance, in a thoroughly competent manner.

He has been composing for two years. At 9 he studied in the Conservatoire in a class of men of 20, but progressed too rapidly for them. It was then he began his oratorio.

Minister Says Churches Must Fight Hard Against "Bleary-Eyed Boozers"

More than 300 New York ministers, representing Protestant denominations, pledged themselves at a conference in the Marble Collegiate church in New York to wage a war to the death against bootleggers, and politicians attempting to nullify the eighteenth amendment.

The Rev. Charles K. Gilbert, of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, presided.

"President Harding, in a conversation in October, 1922, accused Christian churches of deserting the cause of prohibition enforcement," declared Fred B. Smith, chairman of the community council of churches, "and high enforcement officials have told me they received more support from Chambers of Commerce than from the churches, the Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A.

"The liquor interests seek to debauch high school children through systematic organization and to obtain the Negro vote in order to nullify the Eighteenth amendment and the Volstead act.

Wets Called Liars.

"These forces of evil are well organized and deeply laid plans for bringing back the corner saloon. They have deliberately lied about labor's desire for the saloon and booze.

"I recently paid $500 to a man who attended a secret meeting of several powerful representatives of the booze interests and he quoted their chairman as saying:

"We must fight like hell until November, 1924 and if we don't get wines and beer by then we might as well quit."

"The churches," continued Mr. Smith, "must fight, not like hell, but like sons of God against the bleary-eyed boozers.

"My idea of modification would be an enforcement act that would make the penalty 10 years' imprisonment for the second conviction for selling booze, and death at sunrise for the third.

Fight to Finish.

"Our committee of 1,000, named at the citizens' convention in Washington, is in this to a finish. Let the Eighteenth amendment be modified by its friends, not its enemies.

"Prohibition has produced the greatest home of damnable liars the world has ever seen and they are all on the bootleggers' side. It is a pitiful state when a man who in 1917 was willing to forego sugar for the flag, butter for the flag, his Sunday automobile outing for the flag, and was ready to eat 50-50 bread for the flag, should today insult that flag for the sake of a high ball."

The ministers pledged themselves to insist on respectable citizens of their parishes going to the polls and doing their utmost as an example of obedience to the constitution. They agreed also to organize groups of minute men in their parishes to see that this object was attained.

9th Mrs. Vanderbilt Enters Social Lists

The ninth Mrs. Vanderbilt was added to society's invitation lists when Emily O'Neill Davies married William H. Vanderbilt, son of the late Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, in stately old Grace church in lower Broadway, last week. Mr. Vanderbilt came into a fortune of $5,000,000 and the Newport estate left by his father when he became of age a year ago. His father died in the Lusitania disaster.

RIDICULES FORD AS CANDIDATE

Sen. Couzens, Former Partner, Wants to Save Friend From Bump.

Ridiculing the candidacy of Henry Ford for the presidency and questioning the motives of the Detroit manufacturer in his negotiations for Muscle Shoals, United States Senator James Couzens answered a recent criticism by Ford on the senator's announced stand on five per cent beer, in a speech at a dinner of the Detroit Republican club. The two men worked together in the pioneer days of Ford's manufacturing business and until a few years ago were business associates.

Although he characterized Mr. Ford as a "kindly, lovable" man, and said that he "loved him as much as it is possible for one man to love another," the senator, referring to the Ford for President movement, said:

"It is ridiculous. How can a man over 60, who has done nothing except make motors, who has no training or experience in government, aspire to such an office?

Henry Wants Office.

"Ford wants to be President. His failure to withdraw his name from the Nebraska primary proves that.

"Why does Henry Ford refrain from announcing his candidacy for President of the United States? He is afraid it would be as big a fiasco as his peace ship."

Touching on Ford's criticism of Couzen's stand for five per cent beer, the senator said that the manufacturer had "challenged my integrity and sincerity."

"It comes with poor taste," he continued, "from a man so politically ambitious. Henry Ford has made more unfulfilled promises than any man in America."

Muscle Shoals Political Asset.

The senator also touched on Ford's recent statement regarding the sale of the Gorgas power plant at Muscle Shoals and his criticism of Secretary of War Weeks. Couzens said that Ford had used Muscle Shoals "more for political purposes than from a desire to manufacture nitrates." He asserted that the charges against the secretary of war came from a man "who spent thousands of dollars to elect a Democratic President."

Throughout his address, Senator Couzens emphasized his personal admiration for his former business associate.

"Ford is my good friend," he said. "I love him in his proper place as I love no other man. I have said these things to save Ford the greatest humiliation that could possibly come to any man and to save the United States the humiliation of having him elected President."

Tax Men Ordered to Enforce Law

Commissioner Blair last week issued an order to internal revenue collectors to invoke penalties hereafter in all cases of improperly executed sales tax returns by merchants.

The ruling affects every mercantile establishment selling taxable articles and was regarded here as another step in the program of the bureau to bring about more rigid enforcement of all items of the tax laws, many of which admittedly were given little attention in the press of work during and after the war.

Officials stated that many firms had been returning to the treasury sums that appeared ample as the taxes taken in by them but that there were countless cases of laxity in observing the law in making or filing returns with collectors. Mr. Blair's order was that this laxity must cease and the bureau's agents were instructed to make examinations of firms' books in all suspected cases.

RADIO SIGNAL TRAVELS FAR

Tap of Key Sends Sound on Epoch - Recording Race With Light-Like Speed.

Proving a revolutionary step in the scientific and commercial development of radio telegraphy, a radio signal recently made 20 round trips from the New York office of the Radio Corporation of America to Warsaw, Poland —traveling at a speed of 4,500,000 miles in 25 seconds—without the assistance of an operator at either end. The feat definitely demonstrated that simultaneous acknowledgment can be given long distance radio telegraph messages, declared General J. G. Harbord, president of the corporation.

A single loop connected the vast space, while an epoch-making "dot" raced through the ether with the speed of light and faithfully recorded on a tape each return trip from Warsaw, negotiating on each trip 8,500 miles.

The accomplishment means that commercial and other radio messages will be checked as to proof of their receipt and accuracy almost instantaneously with their sending, said General Harbord.

The demonstration followed a series of tests of control relays of the United States-Poland circuit, one of the longest radio routes in existence.

First the operator at the control center of the New York office, communicated with the Warsaw operator and instructed him to "tie up" his receiving station with the transmitting station, covering a distance of 150 miles between each other.

A dot message was sent out and made the complete loop from the New York office and back again while the Warsaw operator manipulated his key.

Instructions were then given the Warsaw operator to leave his key unattended and the "dot" message rocketed around the vast loop 20 times before it died out, owing to electrical obstacles.

MATTHES SEES "ARMY" PARADE

Rhinelanders Goose - Step on Ground Stamped by Yankee Boots.

The old Schloss parade ground in Coblenz, every inch of which was trodden by "Doughboy" hobnails during the American occupation, recently was the scene of Joseph Matthes' first review of his newly organized republican troops.

The Germans for years flocked to the square to watch the Americans drill, but there were no crowds recently, because French troops guarded the approaches

About 300 young men without uniforms and without arms, and wearing green caps, marched up the grounds and back again many times to the commands of young captains and young lieutenants.

As they passed for inspection, Matthes spoke to many of his soldiers, shook hands with others and in two instances, noticing a bandaged head, solicitously inquired in what affray the man was wounded. When informed that it was at the battle for Crefeld, Matthes shook hands again and thanked the soldiers for their brave services in a deserving cause.

The "premier of the Rhineland republic," wearing a dark business suit and a tam-o-shanter tilted sideways, plainly showed pride in the first public drill of the republican headquarters guard.

"These are a fine lot of young fellows," he said, "splendid representatives of the young Rhinelanders who want their independence."

The palace now has stovepipes sticking from the windows of the first floor, where soldier messes have been established for the men quartered within.

The Y. M. C. A. hut built for the entertainment of the American "doughboys" is to be taken over for the accommodation of Joseph Matthes' men who are doing duty as a garrison at headquarters of the provisional government.

French troops guarding the palace and the approaches to its gardens occupy part of the hut, but the other half is being made ready to quarter the Separatists.

Home Fights Make Children Wayward

Parents whose quarreling and bickering result in separations and divorces are not only hurting themselves, but are forcing upon their children a moral effect which handicaps future success.

Such is the opinion of Mrs. Margaret L. Downes, Onondaga county, N. Y., probation officer and authority on child training.

The greater percentage of children who come under her supervision as "wayward" come from homes where there is trouble between the parents, divorces, separation or constant wrangling, Mrs. Downes says.

Ancient Tools Found in Italian Canal Bed

A complete set of workman's tools were excavated recently during repairs to the canal used to carry off the water of the river Velino in Italy. The tools are said to date back to the construction of the canal by Manius Curius Dentatus in 272 B. C.

The Velino is so impregnated with lime that the bed of the river is constantly rising and it was necessary to construct the canal to carry off the water. The canal is in use to this day. Its construction incidentally resulted in the making of the finest and most beautiful waterfalls in Italy, those of the Anio at Tivoli, and the cascades called "Del Marmore."

Consumers File Protest

The Philippine league of consumers has filed a protest against the currency agitation among local chambers of commerce against the continuance of the C. O. D. parcels post system from the United States. They claim that local merchants are charging prices that are inordinately high.

Corfu Heroine Returns to U. S.

Miss Grace W. Blackwell, a Near East relief worker, was mentioned in dispatches for conspicuous heroism in caring for the wounded when Corfu was bombarded by the Italians, when she was constantly under fire. She was too busy to be afraid and anyway she had been under fire numerous times while serving at the front with the A. E. F., she said on her return to New York.

Unnatural Mother Refused to Kiss Only Son Who Now Contests Her Will

Claiming his mother never recognized him since infancy, although he was born in wedlock and vainly traveled the world over seeking a word of solace from her, Winthrop R. Cole, banker and master of foreign languages, has begun a contest which promises to be one of the most dramatic in the annals of Massachusetts courts.

Ignored by his mother from his birth and even at the time of her death, he declares, Cole has started a contest of her will.

Mrs. Cole, a literary genius and the widow of Otto B. Cole of Boston, wealthy automobile dealer, left an estate estimated at a quarter of a million dollars. Her son and only child was cut off without a penny.

Mrs. Cole died a month ago. Her husband died in 1917 under circumstances which were considered so mysterious as to have been investigated by the district attorney's office.

Mrs. Cole left the bulk of her estate to her brother. In her will, in which several bequests of $1,000 each are made to old Back Bay friends and to various societies, including a bequest to the Massachusetts Women's Suffrage association, Mrs. Cole cut off her only child with "deliberate intention."

The portion of the will, in which the son and only child is ignored, reads:

"The omission on my part to make testamentary provision for other relatives and connections, especially for my son, Winthrop R. Cole, is not due to neglect or oversight, but is my deliberate intention."

Behind this declaration in his mother's will is the story of a mother's's heart bearing hatred for her own son, he says.

Unsound Mind Charged.

Cole, now the father of two children and engaged in the intelligence service of one of New York's financial institutions, alleges that his mother was of unsound mind.

That he never saw his mother, although he now is more than 30 years of age and his parent died only recently, that he was born in Paris and cast off there after his mother went abroad to avoid social friends in Boston and New York, is the story Cole, the brilliant banker and conversationalist in attempting to gain recognition through the courts.

A socially prominent and wealthy New York woman reared the youth to manhood, it was said.

Cole first saw life in a squalid room of a middle-class hotel in Paris, France. There, it is, alleged, his genius mother had gone more than 30 years ago when it was evident she was to bear a child. Mrs. Cole, it is alleged, denied the child and was possessed of an aversion to a son.

Babe Left in France.

Left in the care of people in France it is now declared, the child and later placed in a private French school while his parents returned to America. The father was obliged, it was declared, to keep the fact of his son's birth a secret from the world.

Left alone at school over a period of holidays, the boy excited the attention of the New York society woman. The youth later was taken in to her home and made a companion of her son.

This New York woman, who is still living and has volunteered to take the part of Cole in the will contest, claimed she communicated with the elder Mr. Cole after he appeared at the school and created excitement by driving up in a big automobile, a rarity in those days.

Mr. Cole explained, it is said, that his wife did not tolerate her own son, that she would not see him, although the father attempted to bring son and mother face to face on many occasions.

Begged for Mother's Kiss.

Although ignored as an infant, it is related, Cole sought as a young man to meet his mother and feel the touch of a mother's lips.

On one occasion, it was related, when young Cole neared maturity, his wealthy father begged of the mother to no longer deny her child, claiming him no longer to be a baby, but a young man.

Mrs. Cole then was visiting in London. Young Cole, at the time living at the home of his New York "mother," was prepared to make the trip to greet the woman whom he had longed for as mother.

Cole went to London. Plans were made, it is asserted, that he should present his mother upon greeting her for the first time with a huge bouquet of flowers. Then an automobile trip was to be made with a mother and her son allowed to have anything they desired in Europe.

Door Bolted in His Face.

Instead, according to the story which will be presented before the court—the mother bolted the door of her hotel suite when notified by her husband that her son wished to see her and stampeded.

Repeated attempts of young Cole to receive even in manhood the caress of a mother for her child were made, but were in vain, he alleges. When his mother returned to Boston to live, her son followed her, ever seeking a word of solace and a meeting with his mother.

Another drama in the life of young Cole and his parents was written at the time of his father's death in Boston, in 1917. Cole cut off both his wife and son. He left all of his property to a young woman, Mrs. Cecil P. Robinson.

DEPOSED RULER BEGS FOR TAELS

China Expected to Ignore Appeal Because of Empty Treasury.

The last of the rulers of the great Manchurian dynasty, Hsuan Tung, the "boy emperor" of China, sitting in lonesome grandeur in his isolated palace of the Forbidden City, has been sued by a Peking goldsmith for 500,000 taels and has applied to the new president of China, Tsao Kun, for partial payment of the imperial allowance of $4,000,000 (Mexican) yearly, says the Asiatic News Agency.

But there is little chance of the government acceding to the partial payment plea, as the finance ministry at present is unable to raise sufficient funds to pay officials and public servants.

As a result, it is expected that further relics of the once mighty Manchu House will be sacrificed by the "boy emperor" to meet his debts.

The court in which the goldsmith's suit was filed, it is said, taking into consideration the extreme poverty of Hsuan Tung, has agreed to treat the case leniently and give the youthful ex-ruler time to raise whatever cash he can to satisfy his creditors.

For many months the "boy emperor" has been trying to adjust his expense to his income. The latter, during political upheavals, has had virtually nothing. He even dismissed from service in the Forbidden City 1,000 eunuchs in an attempt to halt approaching poverty. Also, he has sold many priceless family relics to aid the family exchequer. But, at present, the financial outlook for Hsuan looks dark.

ARTIST LEARNS AGE IS SUPREME

Finds Type of Woman in America That Arouses Real Interest.

Ernst Linnenkamp, noted Viennese artist, on his first visit to America, denied the other day that he ever had called the American woman "just a beautiful painted doll."

"Now that I have had time for a little observation," he said, "I will say that the American woman seems to have the most perfect figure and features of all.

"It is true that they do paint, of course, those that I have seen, but it is the business of a portrait painter to look beneath the surface and see the soul. Man and custom require that the modern woman disguise her natural beauty. The beautiful woman is no longer a beautiful woman always. She is like a chameleon—one woman at breakfast, another woman at luncheon and still another at the dinner hour. She is artificial and changeable.

"You ask me for my definition of a beautiful woman. That is not an easy question to answer offhand. Beauty is a culture mirror and the mirror shows the life, the experience and all things. Today age is more beautiful than youth, because on age is written the beauty of the character and the intelligence. In a word, true beauty is the soul that subtly peeps through.

"But today there is no real immortal beauty as in the past. The woman of yore was a beauty at 20 and a beauty at 50. Age did not count. The hour of the day was insignificant. Her beauty remained the same, no brighter, no dimmer. Such a beauty was Mme. Pompadour, Minon de Lanclo, Manon Lescaut, and, in the Renaissance, Mona Lisa."

Herr Linnenkamp has come to the United States to find the 15 most beautiful women of America. He admires the temperament of the American woman, her vivacity, gayety and energy, and says he expects to find much in her face that is unusual and attributable to the perfect mixtures of all races. "In other countries," he says, "there are rich beauties, but in America, I believe there are no poor ones."

The portraits of America's 15 most beautiful women will be painted by Herr Linnenkamp for the Amalthea Verlag of Zurich and Vienna.

Cured His Rupture

I was badly ruptured while lifting several years ago. Doctors said my only cure was an operation. Trusses were no good. Finally I got hold of one that quickly and completely cured me. I passed and the rupture has never returned, although I am doing hard work as a carpenter. There was no operation, no lost time, no trouble. I have nothing to sell, but will give full information about how you may obtain a complete cure without operation. If you write to me, Eugene M. Pullen, Carlos, 100-K Marcellus Avenue, Manasquan, N. J. Better cut out this notice and show it to others who are ruptured—you may save a life or at least stop the misery of rupture and the worry and danger of an operation.

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SHORT ENDS OF WORLD NEWS

DAVID LLOYD GEORGE, former premier of Great Britain, delivered his parting speech to the American people on Nov. 2. The British leader visited Roosevelt's grave at Oyster Bay and placed a wreath of bay leaves on it.

Major General H. T. Allen, who commanded the American forces on the Rhine, announces that plans are being made to feed 2,000,000 German children this Winter through the medium of the American Society of Friends.

Judgement of $4,056.48 was awarded the Merchants' National Bank of South Bend, Ind., against Governor McCray of that state on overdue notes.

To commemorate the 58th anniversary of the birth of the late President Warren G. Harding, all flags in Marion, O., were placed at half-mast on Nov. 2.

Federal Judge Anderson of Indianapolis referred the question of the solvency of Governor McCray of Indiana to a referee in bankruptcy. Three Fort Wayne banking institutions have instituted bankruptcy proceedings against him.

More than 75 passengers were injured when Baltimore & Ohio train No. 62, a local running from Clarksburg to Richwood, W. Va., was derailed near Orlando.

Governor Walton of Oklahoma was placed on trial before the Oklahoma senate last week after being impeached by the house. It will require 15 Walton votes to prevent his removal from office. In the preliminary clashes the best the defense could muster were two votes. The governor is said to have offers of national lecture tours on the klan issue.

A bill of complannt has been drawn seeking $100,000 damages from the New York Stock Exchange and affiliated firms, as a result of the exchange's action following the "corner" on March 20 of the stock of Piggly Wiggly Stores Inc. Papers will soon be filed in supreme court of Mineola, N. Y.

The first Fascist anniversary was celebrated in Rome on Oct. 31 to mark the close of the 'bloodless revolution" one year ago.

Harry G. Noves, New Hampshire, was elected chairman of the Masonic Service association at its fifth annual convention in Washington.

Judge Morris of Delaware ruled last week in a case that a liquor buyer is equally guilty with the seller.

FINAL terms laid before Britain's imperial conference to form a basis for the treaty to cope with rum running along the American coast give U. S. authorities the right to search any British ship within a 12-mile limit, but British ships must have the right to carry liquor under seal into the territorial waters of the United States.

A party of men, women and children led on a gold seeking expedition by A. H. Moore of Los Angeles, is returning from Alaska on a steamer, their sailing vessel having been wrecked.

The body of Andrew Bonar Law, former British premier, was buried in Westminster Abbey on Nov. 5.

Sixteen men, aboard four barges which broke loose from the tug Dixie of New York and floundered in the heavy seas of Lake Erie, were taken off by coast guardsmen and landed in Ashtabula, O.

The national assembly at Angora has voted the establishment of the Turkish republic. Mustapha Kemal Pasha has been elected president.

Announcement has been made of a reward of $3,000 by the state of Michigan for the capture of "King" Benjamin Purnell, missing head of the House of David colony in Benton Harbor.

The American submarine O-5, which was sunk in collision with a steamer, was raised last week. Two men were rescued alive from the hull. No trace was found of the three missing men.

Petition of David M. Rittenhouse and others asking appointment of a receiver for the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan, was denied in Atlanta, Ga., by Judge Humphries.

Three freight cars loaded with dynamite and running wild, crashed head-on into a passenger train near Carl Junction, Mo., recently, without exploding.

Railroads in August had 1,973,505 persons on their payroll and paid out $270,187,583 in wages.

It has been announced officially at the state department that former Senator Kellogg will succeed Colonel Harvey as ambassador to Great Britain.

Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks have ordered suit to begin immediately against a film magazine which is alleged to have published a report that Evelyn Brent, Mr. Fairbanks' former leading lady, had caused the estrangement of Miss Pickford and her husband.

IMMIGRATION quotas of at least nine nations were exhausted last week with the arrival of more than 16,000 aliens in the steerage of 11 vessels. Commissioner Curran believes the quotas of Russia, Turkey, Greece, Portugal, Albania, Egypt and Palestine have been exhausted and no more of these nationalties will be admitted until July 1, 1924.

Cleveland has a good chance of landing the Republican national convention if it can raise between $125,000 and $150,000 to guarantee expenses. This assertion was made by Congressman Burton of Cleveland.

The prosecution has begun its spectacular task of dissecting the Petroleum Producers' association in the trial of Dr. Frederick A. Cook, hoping to bare "the greatest swindle scheme man's brain could devise."

Recommendations for legislation limiting the authority of the comptroller general's office in the settlement of claims against the government, are forecast as a result of disclosures before the senate committee investigating the veterans' bureau.

Edward M. Alvord, 64, assistant to the director general of railroads, died Nov. 2, after a brief illness.

Francis R. Wadleigh, chief of the coal division of the department of commerce and former federal fuel distributor, has tendered his resignation to Secretary Hoover.

The 68th congress will appropriate approximately $100,000,000 for the gigantic Boulder dam project on the Colorado river, if recommendations of the U. S. Reclamation Service are adopted.

Kites carrying lights are being used to signal bootleggers by confederates living along the St. Lawrence river, near Alexandria Bay, N. Y. The beacons are used to guide rum running motor boats leaving Canada.

The return of the German government's income and expenditures for the second 10 days of October, which have just been published, show little progress has been made by Germany toward balancing her budget despite abandonment of passive resistance.

The Bulgarian government claims that after an exhaustive study of evidence it has clearly established the fact that the recent Communist uprising in Bulgaria was ordered and directed by the Moscow Reds.

Conspiracy and draft evading charges against Erwin R. Bergdoll, brother of Grover C. Bergdoll, notorious army deserter who fled to Germany, have been dropped by the government.

RURAL WELFARE

EDITED BY A. P. SANDLES

THE MORE YOU TELL— The More You Sell

Will farm folks ever learn the value of advertising? Other kinds of business men get rich advertising. Farmers ought to be as wise.

Many articles of lesser quality are sold on the market over articles of better quality. Why? The answer is "Advertising."

Some farmers dislike to spend money to advertise even when they have a public sale to sell out and leave the farm.

Here is the story of a farmer who did advertise and made money by so doing. Read his talk:

"The cheapest thing on the market is advertising space, thinks John Ecklund, a South Dakota farmer. Mr. Ecklund has always used space in his local paper when he had anything to sale, but says he never quite appreciated the value of advertising until he held his sale recently. About $100 worth of space was bought in six local papers. A page each was used in the two nearest newspapers and half pages in four other papers near by.

As a result of the advertising the biggest crowd ever gathered at a sale in that county faced the auctioneer. That it was a buying crowd is proven by the $34,000 which Mr. Ecklund received in excess of what he had anticipated from the sale. Every man, woman and child within 50 miles of the sale knew about it and when it was to be held.

There is a good lesson in the experience of this South Dakota farmer. Men frequently complain of their inability to sell male animals when the fact of the matter is they have not attempted to sell them to more than three or four people. The few dollars spent for advertising in local, farm or breed papers is a very small percentage of the cost of feeding excess animals for several months. Likewise, as in the case of a farm sale, prices will depend considerably upon the crowd and the competition in bidding. Farmers need to also adopt the slogan "The More You Tell the More You Sell."

NEW CABINET JOB— Give Schools a Place.

A movement is on foot to have a secretary of education in the President's cabinet.

The cost of schools in America is more than $1,000,000,000 per year. Our schools have made America the wonder nation of the world.

Here is what the Washington Herald prints in favor of having a secretary of education on the same standing and equality as other men in the cabinet of our President:

"For education in all kinds of schools the United States spends a thousand million dollars a year—less than $10 per capita.

"Since the foundation of our government the outlay for education has been only a little more than we spent in the one year and five months we were in the recent war.

"We spent for tobacco twice as much as for education. For joy rides, pleasure resorts and races we paid twice as much.

"For cosmetics, three-fourths as much; for soft drinks and secnted soaps, three-fourths as much; for candy, half as much.

"Dr. Claxton, when commissioner of education, figured that our bill for chewing gum was 22 times our bill for schooling.

"The world has never seen another experiment in government comparable with our own.

"Here tropic, semi-tropic, temperate and semi-arctic zones, inhabited by peoples gathered from everywhere, are developing a cosmopolitan civilization founded on self-rule.

"Its cornerstone is power to think—a power developed by education.

"The people cannot rule unless they are educated. The bureau of education should be made a federal department with a seat in the cabinet."

SAVE THE PUMPKINS— For Pies and Cows.

No doubt many of our readers have helped to harvest the pumpkin crop in the October frost days. This work usually comes after the corn is in the shock.

The good housewife ought to have half the crop for pies, and husband the other half for the cows. There are different breeds of pumpkins. Some are better for pies and some fit cows better.

Pumpkin pie in big hotels and on dining cars costs a lot more than any cow feed. It is dessert. When a pumpkin gets into good society it is expensive. Twenty cents a cut and light pieces per pie.

Save the pumpkins. Treat cows right and let us have our share.

OLD TIME CIRCUS— Did You Go to See It?

How many Blade readers recall the old-time circus traveling across the country in wagons? The camels and elephants had to hoof it.

The circus has changed since those days. The billboard pictures are about the same. The desire to see the clowns and the show is about the same today as then.

The man who sold circus tickets often paid $1,000 a year for the privilege of selling them. He made a lot of money by short-changing ticket buyers. Others would walk away and leave their change. The dishonest ticket seller would have a bunch of $1 bills, half of them folded double, so that in hastily counting out the change he could count the bills before the eyes of the show visitor and still skin him out of several dollars.

Many pickpockets followed the show. When a big crowd got together the barker or booster would warn the crowd against these thieves. Everybody who had money would put their hand on their clothes where they had their money to see if it were still there. The pickpockets had their eyes open. They knew where to get the money. The barker was a partner in the game.

Seems like folks wanted to get skinned on circus day. They would bite on any sucker game. Buy all sorts of things. Play any kind of a sharper's game and always lose. Circus soap, ointment, liniment, red lemonade and other things would be sold at twice the price the home merchant would sell the same things.

Here is the story of how pink, or circus lemonade, was born and made a hit. No doubt many of our older Blade readers have had a glass of red lemonade at the circus or the county fair.

Here is the story:

"Today the story of invention of pink lemonade is a classic. It runs that at the old Jerry Mable circus in 1867, one particularly hot day there was a great buying of the stuff and soon the supply began to grow low. The lemonade vender ran excitedly about in quest of water to make more, without finding it.

"Finally he remembered there was a tub of water in the dressing room and he ran hither. Fate, however, seemed to be against him, for one of the actresses had just washed out a pair of red tights in the tub and the water was a decided pink. For a moment he hesitated, then a wonderful inspiration came to him. He dipped out several bucketsful of the water, threw in a few spoonfuls of tartaric acid and the stick of thin lemon slices.

"'Strawberry lemonade! Strawberry lemonade!' he bawled, and the people gathered around eager to buy a new drink. One old-timer tells how on another occasion he obligingly knocked out the plugs in the tank containing the seals so that the lemonade man would not have to retire from business when his supply of water gave out."

U. S. BULLETINS— Free for Asking

Here is a notice sent out by the U. S. department of agriculture to farmers to ask for bulletins that are timely at this season of the year. If Blade readers desire same they should at once send a postal card request to the U. S. Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

Here is the list:

Copies of the following bulletins may be obtained free by addressing the office of the Secretary, Publications, United States Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., as long as the supply lasts. Specify number and name and whether Farmers' Bulletin or Department Circular.

Farmers' Bulletin 900, Home-made Fruit Butters; 926, Some Common Disinfectants; 927, Farm House Conveniences; 970, Sweet Potato Storage; 992, Use of Machinery in Cutting Corn; 1067, Feeding Hens for Egg Production; 1,080, Preparation of Barreled Apples for Market; 1,096, Frost and the Prevention of Damage from It; 1,160, Diseases of Apples in Storage; 1,172, Slaughtering and Use of Lamb and Mutton; 1,175, Better Seed Corn; 1,186, Pork on the Farms; Killing, Curing and Canning; 1,194, Operating a Home Heating Plant; 1,223, The Chinch Bug and Its Control; 1,250, Green Manuring; 1,264, Farm Manufacture of Unfermented Apple Juice; 1,265, Business Methods of Marketing Hay.

Department Circular 166, Influence of Winter Rations on Growth of Steers on Pastures; 238, U. S. Grades for Potatoes Recommended by the United States Department of Agriculture.

HORSE RACES— Season Near Close

Like the measles, horse racing is the fashion everywhere. Trotting, pacing and running make up the racing chapters.

For the running season just closed more money was posted in purses than ever before. Perhaps more people saw the home-stretch battles this year than ever before.

American folks are rushing every year toward entertainment. We like it. We pay for it. We do without needed things to feed our minds on pleasure.

Many fairs have been adding more money to the race purses. We have a letter before us in which the statement is made by the secretary that his fair is deeply in debt. "We spent too much money and had too little income," he explains.

Many million dollars encouraged all kinds of horse racing in 1923. Laws forbid betting. Betting, like bootlegging, goes on. The gambler's chance has a hold on thousands of both men and women. Even children wager money and get the gaming habit.

Folks like a contest, even to the fighting ring. It is natural to cheer a winner. We doubt whether scolding will halt or stop the craze that grips the world. Excess in any direction always brings a headache and regrets.

Some will say, "why worry."

SOME SEED THOUGHTS— For the Heart Garden

J. H. of Indiana, sends some good thoughts from The Character Builders' Club. He gives "Promptness" as a leading virtue for men and women to observe.

He advises to plant early and to cultivate daily the following seed thoughts:

Time will give us an advantage if we meet it at the dawn—with our working garments on.

If we would catch the train for Success we must not wait for tardy encouragement.

Promptness is not a synonym for rashness, but letting wisdom go ahead, it does not lag behind.

We may despise the present to weep over its grave.

If those who are waiting for the opportunity of a lifetime will but turn the thing around, they will have something much better—a lifetime of opportunity.

Zeal without knowledge may be blind, but knowledge without zeal hasn't even blindness for an excuse.

Time's favorite children—Promptness, Patience and Perseverance—will inherit the greater part of his wealth.

We may set our own price upon our time, but we must hurry—not hold it—to get our price.

Today, alone, is our day.

Waiting for luck is a tedious business. The hustler often reaches success while others are awaiting opportunity.

HUSK THE CORN— Then Blow Your Horn

It's shucking time. Do it now. Fill the crib. Big crop this year. Save it. Shocks twist. Then they fall and get soaked. Corn rots. Fodder wasted. Work wasted. Wages lost.

We saw several fields of unhusked corn as late as May, 1923. Why work and grow a crop, then fail to take care if it?

Husk on moonlight nights. Rest after the corn is in the crib or in the hogs or cattle. If you grow it get the good of it.

We know it is hard toil to husk and crib a corn crop. It costs money to hire huskers. But do anything rather than let your crop rot in shock and field. Save the dollars you grow. You will feel better and stay on the farm longer.

FEWER FARMERS FAIL— Than Other Business Men

It is hard for a farmer to believe that he is as smart as folks in other lines of business. The one big disadvantage of the farmer is his failure to think of himself as a business man.

Too many farmers envy the storekeeper, merchant, manufacturer or tradesman in the town and city. Let's look this thing squarely in the face and see if we are not lucky to be a farmer, after all.

There are two big firms in America. They are the watch dogs of business. They have agents and secret reporters in all parts of the country and in all parts of the world.

These two big watch dogs are called Dun and Bradstreet. Each of these firms find out the standing of every business man and give him a credit standing.

Men in business pay each of these firms a goodly sum of money for reports which show success or failure of other business men.

Every good bank gets either Dun or Bradstreet reports as soon as possible after each report is issued. These reports are 95 per cent reliable, and bankers use them to give credit and honor check payments.

Dun and Bradstreet have the records to show how many firms fail in business. They know how many men stub their toe in business.

According to these reports the farmer is a better business man in the country than the business men in town are.

In town and city only five persons who start in business for themselves actually make a success and stay with the business for a living.

More than five farmers in 100 stay with the farm no matter how low the price of wheat and meat or how high the price of tax receipts and farm machinery.

Some day Dun and Bradstreet should issue a report on Mr. and Mrs. Farmer Manufacturing Co. and business firm. This report should show their standing and list a credit that will be the same convencice to them as credit and standing are to other lines of business.

SCHOOL CHILDREN KILLED— At Railroad Crossing

Eight killed. Seven hurt. Four escaped. Driver of bus has broken back and may not recover. The fast train hit the school bus at the railroad crossing. The horses escaped unhurt.

This is the boiled down story of a tragedy which wrought gloom and sorrow over a big community. It is an old story. The same thing has happened before. Another case of neglect to stop, look and listen.

Just a few days before this tragedy Rural Welfare editor was in the county and community where the death toll was taken.

The centralized school is a blessing to many communities. The drivers of the trucks and busses that bring the children to and from school should lose their job and be put in jail every time they drive over a railroad crossing without stopping and making sure that no train is coming.

In this accident three children from one family were killed. We know the sorrow of that home. The man who drives a truck or bus for school pupils should be a most trustworthy man. He cannot be too careful. Just once is too often for these trains to hit a bus.

CORN CRIB— Old and New

The corn crib is a leading citizen on the farm. When it is full the old farm is fat. The hogs will be.

Anybody who ever lived on a farm knows all about the corn crib and still has a warm spot in his or her heart for it.

There are many ways of building a crib. The old-fashioned styles are passing. Some of the new cribs give rats no chance for a free feed.

We used to go through the gymnastic exercise of scoop-shoveling corn from the wagon bed into the crib. It was hard work, but a real delight after all to see the old crib fill up.

We have gone to the crib and counted the ears of corn to put in the trough for the horses at morning, noon and night. We have filled the big basket with ears of corn and scattered them in the hog lot where the pigs made themselves into pork and sausage.

Pigs never have much manners at meal time. First come, first filled up, is the hog motto. Some human beings are not far behind pigs.

America has the biggest corn crib in the world. The corn crop is the source of great wealth that never existed before. So long as the cribs are full the human race will have a meal ticket. Make the crib handy to fill and easy to empty. Brains will help a corn crib.

BANKERS BOOSTING— Helping the Farm

In a number of states bankers are taking more than usual interest in farm and farmer. There is a reason.

The banker knows that the source of all wealth is the soil. When the farm gets hit the bank will suffer soon or late.

Bankers urge the farmer to make sure of good seed and better live stock breeds. Better drainage. Better care of machinery. More paint on buildings.

The banker also urges the farmer to have his farm animals free from all disease, especially tuberculosis. They know this disease is dangerous to human beings as well as to live stock.

The banker is urging the farmer to keep in close touch with the state experiment stations and agricultural colleges. He is urging the farmer to do more diversified farming and grow variety crops and not put his eggs all in one basket.

Many bankers are giving money to encourage boy and girl club work and the work of the county agents.

The banker makes money by just watching all the little things. He prevents waste at every turn in business. He makes a small profit on this and a small profit on that. He gets rich by being a strictly business man. The farmer should learn from the banker's example.

WHAT IS HE DOING— We Mean the Preacher

Do you know your preacher? Are you in good standing with him? If not, why not? Are your dues paid up? Do you like to collect debts due to you? Do you know the Golden Rule?

What is your preacher doing to keep you awake? Do you know that a lot of so-called good citizens go to sleep? We mean community sleep.

The preacher should be camping on your trail. If the preacher is afraid to do it, it is time to get a new parson in your community or town.

The milk-and-water minister is a star boarder at the Lord's table. He is doing more harm than good. The preacher can make you more or less dissatisfied with yourself.

You may not agree with this. If you will invoice the matter and think it over you will discover that the persons who can stir you out of your sleep are really doing you a great kindness.

Hire a preacher who is not afraid of you. He will prove to be a blessing. Get a preacher who has red blood, common sense and an honest love for his Christian duties. He is worth one dollar in every ten dollars you make every year. Make your rural community a safe place to grow a crop of children.

GROVER CLEVELAND REFUSED To Plant a Tree

Since George Washington planted the fine old elm that stands near the U. S. senate part of the capitol building, every president, except Grover Cleveland, has planted a tree at the national capital.

For some reason, Cleveland did not take an interest in this established custom. His wife saved the day. She did it for him.

Mrs. Cleveland planted a Japanese maple. Washington planted his tree before the capital was moved to Washington. Washington planted a beautiful one. It ought to encourage the planting of trees by everybody and in all parts of our country.

What a difference between acorn and oak. The bird or the worm can devour the acorn. How helpless, at first, the tiny oaklet. How frail and weak. How the years will bring a transformation. How growth will weave a tower and temple of strength.

Here is what Cowper said of acorn and oak:

"Thou wast a bauble once—a cup and ball,
Which babes might play with and the thievish jay,
Seeking her food, with ease, might have purloined the auburn nut that held thee, swallowing down,
Thy yet close-folded latitude of boughs.
Time was, when sitting on thy leaf, a fly
Could shake thee to the root—
And time has been,
When tempest could not."

FALL OF SPAIN— Once All Powerful

Spain is having a revolution. Politics got so rotten that the common folks, including the army, kicked over the traces.

For 30 years the game of loot and grab has been going on among the greedy clique of political hogs and hawks.

Under the new rule there is to be a new deal. The old grafters are to be kicked out of office. They may be shot. Such a fate would be their just due.

Spain was once the power nation of the world. Her ships sailed every sea. Her flag was the first to cross across the stormy Atlantic and be planted upon our American shores.

At one time she well nigh ruled the western world. Through mismanagement of her public officers she first lost her hold in North America, then Central and South America.

Her last blunder on this side was maismanagement of Cuba. This isle was lost in the Spanish-American war. Also Porto Rico.

She has recently been conducting a war with Morocco. Graft was the rule, as it often is in war. Folks would no longer stand for the disgusting and costly conduct of government.

Taxes increased and service decreased. The king is hunting a soft place to sit down. He does not know whether he can hold his job or not. In large measure he has been honest and has had no use for the old crowd who was robbing the common folks who had the tax to pay.

FARCE OF LAW— Millions Made in Booze

Yes, millions of dollars are being made by bootleggers out of booze. Wets have won their way to jobs as law enforcement officers.

This makes a farce of law. Police are sometimes the card index for those who traffic in moonshine.

Before we have revolution we had better have a few hanging parties and let hang until they are dead every traitor official in the United States.

The officer who takes a bribe and winks at the law is a traitor and is guilty of treason. He should be executed accordingly.

We believe these traitors are found among so-called national and state prohibition officers who want to get rich or have a boss who is determined to get rich.

The old political parties dove-tail to large degree on this booze traffic. Write to President Coolidge, Washington, D. C., and tell him to clean house in his prohibition department, and, if necessary, call out the army and the navy to enforce the law and constitution.

Do it now. Coolidge has the courage.

ROOF FOR MACHINERY— Winter Is Just Ahead

Yes, a few million dollars' worth of farm machinery will have no home this Winter. No roof to shelter from snow and rain and storm.

Farm machinery costs too much money to throw away or rust away. Why not give it a roof? Why not get it inside?

Why let a $100 bill or $200 stay out in the weather and rot and waste?

A business man guards against loss and waste. Be a business man.

THE SOY BEAN BOOM— Has Arrived Big.

Yes, the soy bean boom has arrived. It is full grown and is still young. Our Blade readers are going to hear a lot of noise about the bean boom.

Illinois claims to be the champion soy bean state and is quite proud of the honor. Soy bean crop makes good meat fast on the farm, in sheep, hogs or cattle.

Other states are not far behind Illinois. This crop is a blessing as a feed for live stock and a blessing to the soil that grows it. Get better acquainted with it. Do it now.

Nationalism, Internationalism-- and God

The International Sunday School Lesson for Nov. 11 Is, "Some Missionary Teachings of the Psalms" —Psalms 47:1-9; 67:1-7; 100:1-5.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS

A FAIR criticism of the public mind of this western world is that it is too scrappy and momentary. It feeds too much upon news items, which, in turn, get into print because of their immediacy, rather than because of their intrinsic value. A local automobile accident, which happened an hour before the edition goes to press, takes precedence as news over the most profound general movement anywhere in the world. Because we have a newspaper mind, or a magazine mind, or a current-event mind, we are prone to miss the larger meaning of the things that most vitally affect us. Thorough thinking, spacious thinking, deliberate thinking, is an art in which the Old World excels us.

So it is stimulating to consider such an expansive theme as that which has been set for the Sunday schools of the world this week. The lesson, which is primarily meant with a group of Hebrew poems 2,500 years old, leads us straight into the pressing problem of nationalism, internationalism and religion. Men and women of our time are being grouped into two classes, nationalists and internationalists. These are the clashing ideas of the day. Upon their definition and results hangs the fate of Europe and Asia, if not of all civilization. We may get light from a study of the highest thought of ancient Israel upon what is true nationalism, what is true internationism, and what relation religion bears to both.

From Viewpoint of East.

Recently I have been across the Jordan, in the Arabia to which Jesus and Paul and John the Baptist retired to "find themselves." The place helps one to comprehend the spirit and viewpoint of old Israel, for this is the changeless East. There are no atheists in the desert. Religion is there the first factor in a person's thought and actions. All of its life is postulated upon God.

It was from the lips of the Arabs that I learned the naturalness of the Psalms of Scripture. Under any stress of emotion the Arab improvises songs. My young raftsmen on the Tigris used to sing their flirtations to the maidens filling their water jars along the river bank. When I once admonished a petty Turkish official, my aged kelekji cackled a song of triumph. The reason these Hebrew Psalms so marvelously express the universal emotions is that they sprang from the deep, instinctive feelings of a simple people. We are not producing poetry like the Psalms today for the simple reason that men and women do not let their deepest experiences speak, without regard to literary form. We are in chattels to self-conscious artificiality.

As now, so then, the people of the East, the ancient Hebrew singers—who never dreams of producing deathless poetry—expressed themselves in terms of God. They could not have any experience without linking God to it. Did trouble overtake them? It was the Lord's dealing with them. Did successes enrich them in store or in strife? It was by the favor of God. Their faith was so simple that it found Jehovah in everything. Their victories were victories by their God; a vindication of His might and glory amidst the neighboring nations. In many passages the Psalms foreshadowed the modern poet's.

"Still behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow,
Keeping watch above His own."

The International Link.

Intensely nationalistic, and not at all missionary in the modern sense of the terms, Israel nevertheless bound all things together by this thought of God. He was the tie that related the Jews to the surrounding nations. It was with respect to Jehovah that they considered other people. They asserted His power and supremacy over rival peoples and rival dieties; "God is king of all the earth;" "God reigneth over the heathen;" 'Say among the heathen that the Lord reigneth;" "That Thy way may be known on earth. Thy saving health among the nations."

This ecstatic nationalism of the old Jews was admittedly tinctured by a spirit of boastfulness over rival creeds and countries. The Jews were jingoes. They cared little about benefitting their neighbors; and their exaltation of Jehovah savored largely of possessive pride. Happily, we interpret their songs more broadly than they themselves intended them.

Nevertheless, the significant fact is that when even these ancient Israelites began to think internationally, they thought always of God. He was the link that connected nation with nation. Whenever thought rose to heights transcending natal boundaries it began to take account of Jehovah.

Perhaps this is the first point into which the student of world affairs should stick a pin. We read of present international perplexities and perils until our head aches; and we turn away with a disheartened conviction that most of the men who write upon the subject are arid theorists. Their proposed remedies are either mechanical or impractical. Whereas, what is clearly needed is the introduction of God as the first factor in the problem. When nations consider other nations in the light of a common loyalty to the Lord, then and only then, a clear path to peace appears.

A Message From a Queen.

Speakers and writers nowadays assume that nationalism and internationalism are in conflict. Quite the contrary should be really the case. Israel's nationalism collapsed when it refused to become international; that is, when the nation turned its back upon the call to become God's missionary among the nations. It tried to live for itself and it died.

Nationalism that is self-centered, and that looks upon its own well-being as the end of its existence, cannot expect the favor of God. That is the state of mind that has brought about the contemporary curse of Europe. The clash of conflicting and ruthless national aims has brought near the collapse of civilization itself. Every one of the Great Powers, and of the little powers, too, is in shameless pursuit of its own ends, usually at the cost of a neighbor nation.

A few days ago I received a letter from a friend who is the queen over a European nation; and often characterized as the most beautiful and brilliant woman in Europe. She sums up a drab picture of European conditions in these words:

"My great aim is to teach those who approach me to work more through love and less through hate. It is hate and ill-will and greed which are undoing us—jealousy too, that most sad of all vices. I keep shedding good feeling around me; luckily, my own love of humanity is so deep that it finds new sources in itself, like a good spring that does not dry up even in Summer."

Unless we can extract ill-will and hatred and jealousy and greed from nationalism, there can be no prospect of a world peaceful and prosperous. But given an intelligent loyalty to one's own land, which desires supremely that it shall be a serving brotherly nation, with a mission of good will to all mankind, and at once we have true internationalism. Thus the larger and the lesser loyalty become one in truest harmony.

What Does It Mean for Us?

Not the vague and perricious and disloyal "internationalism" of the bolsheviks—which they themselves had to abandon quickly in Russia—is the hope of the world; but a deep, wise fidelity to one's own flag and country, born of a sense of obligation to express patriotism in terms of world service. The noblest interpretation of British citizenship was that which put the welfare of humanity as the master purpose. America has from the first expressed her truest self in terms of the missionary conception of nationalism. Nations like men, are made strong in order that they may serve. Israel was blessed so that it might become a blessing. National greatness clearly understood, is but a means to an end; and that end is the benefaction of mankind. No nation liveth to itself; it must share its best, or else lose it.

In the maze of international politics amidst which we grope there is a cord which may be followed to lead us out. That cord is the red line of service. It may be called the missionary motive in statescraft. A master purpose to be helpful to all nations; and most helpful to those who need us most; is the only rule by which a Christian nation may live.

This means the application of the law of God, and the righteousness of God (How magnificently those old Hebrew writers of the Psalms stressed the righteousness and justice of Jehovah!) to all our national and international relationship. We shall never get right until we do right by the standards of God. Peace will come, and social justice will come, and common prosperity will come, only when we exalt the kingship of our God and of His Christ. When Christian people get hold of this central truth and begin to proclaim it and apply it we shall have a new world.

U. S. Drops Charges Against 7 Concerns

The federal trade commission announces it has dismissed its proceedings against Armour & Co., Swift & Co., Downey-Farrell Co., William J. Moxley, Inc., Ed. S. Vail Butterine Co., Troco Nut Butter Co., and the Friedman Manufacturing Co., all of Chicago, against whom citations had been issued charging trade restraint in the sale of oleomargarine and butterine.

Decision of the commission to abandon its action against the concerns resulted from a decision by the court of appeals in the seventh circuit which held that the so-called exclusive contract used by the B. S. Pearsall Butter Co., Chicago, was not in violation of the Clayton act. The commission had ordered the Pearsall Co. to discontinue use of the contract. The same questions were at issue in the other cases.

"I Knew Him When" Alibi Acquits Man

Charley Ray of Chicago, an old-time bookie, once a familiar figure about the famous Washington Park race course, thought he'd try talking the judge out of it when arraigned on a charge of placing bets.

"Judge Trude," he said, "I knew your father 40 years ago and—"

"He's been dead 41 years," the court answered with a scowl.

"Well, judge, I know someone in your family." Ray grew very nervous. He felt he wasn't getting it over at all.

"I don't see much evidence against this man," Judge Trude interrupted, and added: "Discharged."

Ray sighed.

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JUVENILE WORK IN TEST STAGE

Officials in Children's Courts Are Seeking Preventatives.

A noted jurist says that juvenile delinquency is a disease overshadowing the lives of more children than any other disease known to man.

Individual cases of children in court are rarely discussed in the papers because of the policy of shielding children from publicity. No one would question the wisdom of this course; but because of it the public scarcely realizes how many children run foul of the law, why they do so, or what is the outcome.

The existence of juvenile courts in 46 states is popularly supposed to mean that the country takes care of child offenders in a highly modern and scientific manner. That this is far from the case in many communities has been pointed out emphatically.

Court Still Experiment.

Courts for children are still in the experimental stage. It is only a quarter of a century since the first juvenile court was established, and jurists do not hesitate to say that many of the juvenile courts have so far failed to give their wards the advantages which the laws can be interpreted to give them.

Children's courts which do not attain to high standards of usefulness are often hampered by lack of support and co-operation from their communities, and by lack of funds with which to engage the services of specially qualified experts.

Uniforms Are Avoided.

A well equipped children's court sees to it that the child offender is kept from the experience of being arrested by a uniformed policeman. He is not transported in a police patrol. He is not detained at a station house or jail, nor brought into public by uniformed officials. Court dignity is maintained, but without the routine associated with criminal procedure. There are clinics attached to these courts, or co-operating with them, so that the child's physical condition, mentality, and attitude toward life can be taken into account. His home life and school record are investigated. Every effort is made to locate the factors responsible for his difficulty.

Like many of our present day doctors, the competent juvenile court judge is particularly interested in preventive measures. He looks ahead and considers the probable result if this decision or that is rendered. The boy who stands before him charged with damaging property may grow into a responsible citizen or into a practiced offender against the law, and the judge's decision may start him in one direction or the other.

Henri Fabre's Friends Want to Honor Him

Admirers of Henri Fabre, the Provencal naturalist, have revived a campaign started in 1914, but interrupted by the World war, to celebrate the 100th anniversary of his birth and to erect a monument to him at his home village of Serignan, France.

It is proposed to remove Fabre's ashes from the country churchyard and lay them at rest in his own "Harmas," the garden celebrated in his writings. There the monument will be placed also, under the perpetual care of the government of the republic, which has taken over this old home of Fabre's as a national museum and entomological laboratory.

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POOR PRODUCE BIG FAMILIES

College Women Average Half a Daughter, Says Professor.

Professor A. E. Ross of the University of Wisconsin, recently told the Middle Western States Birth Control conference in session in Chicago, that a Harvard graduate has on the average less than one son; a woman college graduate has about half a daughter; American families of moderate means average three children, and parents who constantly appeal to charity for support have families averaging six children.

The birth rate among people who send their children to college is on the decline, he said. Inquiries among 630 college women disclosed they were members of families averaging 3.15 children; their parents of families containing five children, and their grandparents of families averaging more than six children, Professor Ross said.

Undesirables Reproduce.

"One-quarter of the population of the United States produces as many children as the remaining three-quarters," declared Professor Ross. "In this quarter are the charity cases, the feeble minded and often the criminals. It is this fact, that the least desirable are reproducing from two to three times as fast as the desirable that makes us fear for the safety of the world."

Birth control, he asserted, would help restore the balance.

"The human family, at the present rate, will redouble in 60 years," he said. "In 200 years there will be 10 times the present population. Even if fed by a fall of heavenly manna, mankind would be so crowded that life would not be worth living.

Curtailment Is Needed.

Curtailment of the family must come or pressure of numbers will wipe out all the ease, comfort and fineness in the world."

"Wars, famine and pestilence are the inevitable consequences of overpopulation," declared Professor E. M. East of Harvard.

London Lunch Rooms Serve Grand Opera

The world's largest restaurant, which recently started the first all-night service in London, startled conservative Picadilly by offering grand opera with a nine-piece lunch.

The experiment is a daring one and not the least obstacle ahead is a municipal regulation which restricts performances in costume to the legitimate stage.

Nevertheless, while the patrons munched sandwiches, they were entertained by acts from "Faust," "Rigoletto" and "Il Trovatore," with accomplished artists singing well-known roles.

The theory is that the public is indifferent toward the high cost of artists employed in operatic performances and will be won over and become patrons of the regular stage offerings if they hear the classics sung occasionally in a popular environment.

Suffered Years From Catarrh of the Head and Stomach, also Rheumatism

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THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1923

This nation has grown so big that no man is bigger than the nation.

Jimmy Cox thinks the Democrats will win next year. He must not expect to be nominated again.

Europe's attitude toward Uncle Sam: If you love me gimme.

Lima Beane thinks the theory that laughter makes people fat is all wrong—that it is fat that makes people laugh.

Having a clean, satisfying ambition is the finest kind of contentment.

France's president is pleading for more babies. Of course, he wents French babies. Hereditary hatreds are important.

This country is too good for Grover Cleveland Bergdoll.

The oldest inhabitant of any town is Bad Habit.

Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont says men have made a mess of running the world. Maybe so, but they don't wear new Spring hats in January and furs in Summer.

High building costs have resulted in smaller rooms and the people may yet be driven to the necessity of keeping smaller dogs.

Fame is a peach. Notoriety is a Ben Davis apple.

President Coolidge's eminent silence has resulted in most of his old speeches being resurrected and printed.

When two young people are in love with each other it would be cruel to force them to submit to an intelligence test.

Oklahoma, after a short detour, is getting back into the Union over the legal route.

"Man is a mechanism run by electricity," says a learned gentleman. That is one on us. We thought man had to be wound up.

Our understanding of woman is that she doesn't want to be understood.

The rule is that when a man asks for your opinion he wants you to confirm his.

A good citizen is one who doesn't brag about being one.

"Science," says the Richmond Times-Democrat, "will never be happy until it can lay an egg." And if science ever accomplishes its purpose it will cackle its head off.

Uncle Sam isn't sure whether the Europeans want him to come over or come across.

One reason the old-fashioned bustle can never come back is that it would cost too much to rebuild all the automobiles.

The terrible peace now raging in Europe is the result of the nations involved being too poor to fight.

Indolence makes dictators possible. It is the old idea of letting George do it.

A go-getter never comes back as fast as he went.

France's attitude toward Uncle Sam: You may come over and talk reparations with us if you will agree to what we say.

Political third parties never get anywhere because they don't know where they are going.

Home is the place where a man's other pants are, says a paragraphic philosopher. If we accept that definition we make a tramp of the man who has only one pair of pants.

No spook story is going to change our attitude toward the dollar bill.

If it is possible to keep young by having young thoughts would it be possible to keep fit by having fits?

There is talk of Ohio Democrats deserting Jimmy Cox for McAdoo. The idea is cruel. Jimmy's talent for absorbing punishment should entitle him to another race.

Women have won the right to stand in the street cars.

Anticipating the next hay fever season we humbly suggest that the red rose be adopted as the national flower.

No girl likes to be called "kitchen mechanic." But it's a noble calling that approaches art.

Long before he was President Mr. Coolidge said what this country needs is somebody to say "No" to it. Now he has Secretary Mellon to say it.

A college professor says we are an uneducated people. It's a sad situation, but there doesn't seem to be anything a college professor can do about it.

What shall we do if France refuses to pay us, send an army of occupation to Paris?

There is a large wet vote in Pennsylvania, but so far as Governor Pinchot is concerned it may go and soak its head.

They say that "money makes the mare go," but it may be noticed that most of the races are won by the geldings and stallions.

A lazy man needs a lazy conscience or he won't get much joy out of life.

Romance ends when two people who thought they couldn't live without each other discover they can't live with each other.

To the man who makes a religion of getting drunk the Constitution, which provides for the freedom of religion, is unconstitutional.

The Farm Coming Back

The American farmers are not entirely out of the woods yet. But they are on the road.

The federal department of agriculture reports that the prices received by farmers for their products have risen more than 20 per cent in the last twelve months. In the same period the commodities the farmers purchase have been falling in price. In May last, the farmer's dollar was worth 71 cents as compared with its value of 100 cents just previous to the war. That dollar was worth only 68 cents in January, and this is the present purchasing value of the city dweller's dollar.

On September 1, 1913, corn was selling for a little more than 75 cents a bushel; on September 1 last it sold for 86c cents. The September, 1913, price for wheat was 77 cents; it was eleven cents higher in September, 1923. Cotton, potatoes and hay have also been higher this year than before the war. Oats, alone of the major crops, are lower now.

With present prices for farm products and lower prices for the necessities he buys, and they are tending that way, the farmer would be on Easy street. His troubles now are concerned with clearing off past indebtedness and meeting taxes. It will take more than one good season of bountiful crops and fair market prices to square up with the past. But the good times are in sight. Deflation is shortly to be only a recollection.

In all that the department of agriculture reports there is no sign that the farmers have been noticeably helped by the extensive legislation which was passed in their interest. Rather the case has been one of self-help.

Cotton and Rubber

The United States comes as near having a monopoly in the production of cotton as any country can have in a world's staple cultivated since history began. Just as securely do the British East Indies control the crude rubber output. And both these countries apparently are trying to force other lands to become their powerful competitors.

The doctrine of cotton acreage curtailment has been urged vigorously through theSouth for several years. British manufacturers and statesmen, urged on by high prices and prospects of a shortage in their supplies of raw cotton, are conducting experiments in all British tropical and sub-tropical possessions, determined to produce within the Empire sufficient cotton for the Manchester mills.

The export duty on crude rubber by Anglo-East Indian states several months ago caused a sharp advance in prices and resulted in American investors and tire makers, backed by the Washington government, inaugurating a huge search through the Philippines and tropical America for regions suitable for rubber culture on a grand scale. There is wealth and energy behind this movement.

There are excellent reasons why the southern planter should desire to reduce his cotton acreage and prevent the desperately low prices of some bygone years; there are just as good reasons, no doubt, why the East Indies should endeavor to obtain more profit from the plantations which they had the energy and foresight to cultivate. But the United States is overwhelmingly the greatest buyer of crude rubber, and England the greatest importer of raw cotton. They could gain little by exchanging places.

Too Much Front Page

It is now nearly ten years since Europe came bumping and banging into position upon the first page like a boiler-making company moving into new quarters and intending to stay.

Well, Europe is still there. It has the looks of being permanently located. It shows no sign or aim of shifting back into the quieter, more orderly pages of the paper for a long time to come. The world might be resigned to the situation if it were not that the bumping and banging is still going on. People can get terribly tired of hearing noise. They tire less easily—as Europe shows—of making noise. Which suggests that possibly some day, for the sake of our ear-drums—we will have to put up a sound-proof partition in mid-Atlantic. Edison could devise one and friend Ford could make it.

Germany just now is rattling the loudest. She is flying apart like a flywheel giving way to the natural laws governing centrifugal force. The Rhinelander republicans seize a Rathaus and run up their flag and loyalists follow after, ousting the republicans and making a bonfire of the flag. Saxons let it be known in their most vociferous manner that the last thing they intend to do is to submit to dictators of Prussian birth and demeanor. It is hard to tell what Bavaria is about, but it is shrill and clamorous in carrying on.

In Greece, where you would think they had had a stomachful of bombilations, revolutionists and counter-revolutionists are wasting costly ammunition upon one another. In Sofia, which is in Bulgaria, delegates to a reparations conference raise their voices in the way that men do when they are determined not to agree.

France has announced that on November 10 the "free zone" along the Swiss border, in existence since 1815, will be officially wiped out. The Swiss object. They do so in no faint and purling tones. They foresee a string of French forts along the boundary, French troops parading menacingly, French ambitions considering Switzerland with the lustful eye of desire. One might say that in the temper France is now the Swiss are making undue sacrifice of breath.

Over on the Latvan frontier there is a mustering of Russian soviet officers. They have caused little Latvia to cry out nervously. Workmen in Poland have demanded that the government guarantee advances in wages to meet advances in the cost of living and this, it is said, may be used as an excuse for setting up a dictatorship. Poland, if not particularly clangorous now, is preparing to be very much so after awhile, the occasion offering.

You will recall that Hollywood had an attack of frontpagitis in a somewhat milder form than the case of Europe. The treatment was what doctors call heroic, meaning pretty rough. Unquestionably before Europe is cured the continent will have to go through a regimen harsh and painful and, for folk grown to love noise, bordering on suffocation.

The Nobel Prize for Medicine

Insulin, the remedy for diabetes, for the discovery of which Dr. F. C. Banting was awarded the Nobel prize for medicine for 1923, is to be protected from the quacks.

The University of Toronto, where the remedy was discovered, announces that it will take out a patent on the remedy in its own name to prevent the marketing of fraudulent imitations of the preparation. The university will license certain laboratories to produce insulin, on condition that they meet strict standards of purity to be set by the university, thus assuring a safe and trustworthy supply.

As a reward for discovering the remedy Dr. Banting has been granted an annuity of $7,500 a year for life, an allowance of $2,500 a year to carry on any experiments he desires and a newly equipped laboratory by the parliament of the province of Ontario.

Diabetes is caused by a deficiency in the system of hormone or ferment of the pancreas necessary for the burning of carbohydrantes, starches and sugars. Insulin is another form of hormone taken from the pancreas of some animal and injected into the system of the sufferer, thus enabling the digestive agencies to burn up carbohydrates and prevent fatal consequences from the lack of sufficient pancreatic juices. No claim is made that insulin works a permanent cure.

The One Way to End War

Mere denounciation of war will not abolish war. No matter how many thousands of people solemnly swear they will not bear arms in the next conflict they will forget their vows if their nation appears endangered. The anti-militarist sentiment should be directed toward something more promising of fulfillment than simply crippling armies and navies. It should muster its forces against the causes of war. And this is what the International Council of Women to meet in London next Spring, purposes to labor for. There are certain evils that breed war. They are tangible, definite, clear to anyone who reviews the history of the World struggle and studies intelligently the troubles in Europe today. Once these causes of war are eliminated, or changed, or rendered futile to do harm, disarmament will come naturally and as a matter of course. You cannot destroy crime by hanging each criminal as he is caught. The breeding place of crime remains. That must be purged and purified if crime is to cease and the policemen dismissed. The way to end war is to search out its causes and weed them away. There is no other method that will work.

Speed in the Long Ago

In the biography of the explorer Hatton the story is told of his only appearance in a court of law.

The youthful Englishmen in the '70s of the last century had the tricycle craze. Hatton was one of the tricyclists. Treadling his machine one morning in London he knocked down a street porter. He was arrested upon a charge of "furious riding." The policeman swore that Hatton was doing all of eight miles per hour. Hatton triumphantly turned the flank of the prosecution by bringing the manufacturer of the tricycle into court who, under oath, declared the blessed thing couldn't be made to go faster than five miles per hour.

By straining the imagination one can conceive of a city's traffic slowing up today to eight miles an hour, or even to five miles. But imagination fails when it tries to believe that any manufacturer of any means of present-day transport would admit that his products had any kind of speed limitations.

Senator Couzens says tea is worse than beer. That can't be. We have never seen the patrons of a five o'clock tea going down street and stopping every whipstitch to kick the second-story signs.

Even if Mrs. Belmont is right about marriage being slavery, it is voluntary. Nothing is ever printed in the paper about the bride kicking while the shackles are being clamped on.

Dr. Van Dyke says "the man who chooses pleasure as the object of his life has no real port of destination." In other language, he's on his way but doesn't know where he's going.

Senator Oscar Underwood says the South has not had a President for eighty years. Yet the South had a nice ride in the saddle only a few years ago.

Senator Moses says the coming congress will do a lot of talking, but not much else. Moses can't wait until congress convenes to do his.

GOVERNMENT OF SWISS

Ways of Europe's Oldest Republic

BY FRANK G. CARPENTER

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IN the capital of Switzerland, half way between the borders of Germany and Italy, and only two hours by rail from where the League of Nations is sitting at Geneva on the borders of France, I write of how the Swiss govern themselves. During my stay here I have visited parliament and talked with the members. I have seen something of the Bundesrat, the council or cabinet which administers the country, and around a plain table, have sat elbow to elbow, with the president of the republic and discussed the differences between his government and ours.

But first let us look at the capital of Switzerland. It is Berne, one of the oldest, quaintest and most charming cities of Europe. Founded when Richard the Lion-Hearted of England was fighting the Turks for the possession of Jerusalem, it was an independent free city before the Magna Charta was signed. It was chosen as the seat of the federal government at about the close of our Mexican war, and since then has been the home of all activities, except those of the supreme court, which, as a sop to French Switzerland, sits at Lausanne.

Berne is only about one-fifth the size of Washington city, but it is far more picturesque. The town is a peninsula embraced by the deep swift rushing Aare, whose glacial waters roar as they tear their way on down towards the Rhine. The city is on both sides of the river, and magnificent bridges cross from one bank to the other. The capitol building and the president's palace are right over the stream, but 100 feet higher up. They look out on the Alps, and face a half-dozen mountains more than two miles in height. After my talk with the president we walked out on the balcony in front of his office and his excellency pointed out the gigantic crest of the Jungfrau, and other snow-capped mountains which are known all over the world.

A City of Caves.

Before entering the government building I strolled about through the business part of the city. The most of them are like a slice out of the Middle Ages. They have narrow streets, walled with three and four-story buildings with over-hanging tiled roofs, out of which peep dormer windows which look down like so many red-rimmed eyes on the traffic below. Some of them are so old that they lean this way and that, making one think of the drunken structures on the Amsterdam piles. Here and there a tower is built over the highway, arching the street and making each block a winding court walled with these houses. Some of the towers have great clocks in them, erected 600 years ago, and there is one out of which on the stroke of the hour, a great rooster struts and crows, while a troop of bears marches back and forth in procession. The clock has hands and figures plated with gold. Its dial, which is about 20 feet in diameter, is surrounded by frescoes.

It was through this tower under the clock that I walked into a mile or so of the cave-like stores that make up the business of Berne. The pavements are tunnelled, as it were, through the walls of the houses, backed by the stores which look out into the roadway beyond. The whole of the business is done in arcades, and the stores are like monastery cells looking out upon cloisters, in which the people walk back and forth. This makes it so dark that most of the shops have to burn electric lights throughout the whole day. The arcades are about 15 feet wide, and in the oldest part of the town, so low that one's head is not far from the ceiling. Now and then there are cross tunnels for the streets cutting through to the right and left, the whole forming a kind of catacombs, quaint and delightful, but not in accord with modern business efficiency.

The Swiss Capitol.

The chief government buildings are situated between these arcaded streets and the Aare, on the high bluff which borders the river. From the other side of the river they look like fortifications. They were planned by Swiss architects and built by Swiss workmen. Their material is of sandstone from the quarries of Berne, and of marble from several cantons. The wood is all native and the furnishings, even to the great clock in the entrance hall, were made in Swiss shops. The clock, which is the official timepiece of the republic, is as big as a piano box and has a glass case that shows the works. These buildings had just been completed, when I was here at Berne in 1902, and at that time the president made a speech which I find in my notes. Said he:

"People of Switzerland, we here hand over to you the new capitol. Its cupola surmounted with the federal cross will ever be a token of the unity and amity that exists throughout our dear nation. May these conditions continue and under the protection of the Almighty God, may we preserve them with Justice, Wisdom and Truth, animated by a brotherly love equal to that we have for our Free Fatherland."

That was more than 20 years ago and the building is still as spick and span as when it was finished. The Swiss keep everything polished up to the nines, and the parliament halls are scrubbed like so many Dutch kitchens. There was a gang of old women on their knees washing the tiles, as I passed through on my way to the president. There were foot scrapers and foot wipers at the entrance and rugs for cleansing your shoes at every floor. During the whole trip I saw no spittoons, such as you see in every corner about our halls of congress.

Parliament in Session.

This afternoon I visited the parliament chambers and lingered awhile in the lobbies, which are walled with marble and have ceilings gorgeous with paintings and carvings. The house of representatives is in the shape of a half-moon with the seats rising in concentric rows from the front to the back. The president sits on a raised platform somewhat like our speaker's desk with a clerk on each side of him.

A curious feature is the public translator. Speeches may be made in three languages, German, French and Italian. The orders of the president are translated by the official interpreter and all of his messages are furnished the press in German and French. The government reports are printed in German, French and Italian so that every citizen can read them. The eastern part of the republic is almost altogether German. The western is largely French and the southern, Italian, but all of these are Swiss. About 70 per cent of the people speak German, 20 per cent French, and about six per cent Italian with a small percentage speaking other languages. In western Switzerland nearly all the signs are in French, in the east, German, and in Ticino, Italian.

How Switzerland Is Governed.

When I interviewed the president of 20 years ago we talked together in German. My conversation with the president today was in French, and from then until now they have had just 20 presidents chosen from different parts of the republic without regard, however, to linguistic ability.

The president of Switzerland has a different position from that of the president of the United States. Our president is elected for four years by the vote of all the people, men and women, and he receives a salary of $75,000 a year with $25,000 extra for traveling expenses. The president of Switzerland is chosen by the bundesrat or the seven members of the federal council. His term is for one year and his salary is $5,400. Whether he gets railroad passes, I do not know. The president is really only the chairman of the council, although he has the title of president of the republic and represents it on all ceremonial occasions.

This republic is as free and democratic as ours, but the machinery of administration is different. The country is divided into 22 cantons or states and they join together in electing a national council and the state council. The state council corresponds to our senate. It is composed of 44 members or two from each state. The national council is like our house of representatives. It has 198 members, chosen by direct vote at the rate of one for every 20,000 souls in the republic.

Elections take place every three years on the last Sunday in October, and are often held in the churches. Only men over 21 have the right to vote, Switzerland being one of the countries which has not yet adopted suffrage for women. Each state elects its own two members of the state council in any way it may choose, and their pay comes from the state. The Geneva councilors get $5 a day, but the average salary of the others is $4 and for those of some cantons, only $3. The representatives of the lower house are paid from the government treasury. They get $5 a day for the days they are present and nothing when absent.

The sessions are held four times a year. They usually last two or three weeks, and a whole year's service seldom takes up as much as three months. The members attend regularly, and their constituents object when they stay away. If a congressman cannot give a good reason for his absence he does not get his $5. This is in striking contrast to our congress where a member may stay away half the session and receive his $7,000 just the same. Anyone except a clergyman may be a member of the Swiss congress. The meetings begin at 8 in the morning in Summer and 9 in the Winter. Our congress meets at noon the year around.

A Hydra-Headed Executive.

The executive body of Swizerland is hydra-headed, or at least almost so. The Hydra, or water-serpent killed by Hercules had nine heads. The Swiss government has only seven. It consists of the bundesrat or seven members of the federal council which is elected by the federal assembly every three years. These seven men have the fattest jobs in the republic, if $5,000 a year and boarding oneself can be called fat. They are the cabinet, and collectively they have the powers of the president. To each of the seven is allotted a department. One is secretary of foreign affairs, another secretary of the interior, another of justice and police, another finance and customs, another agriculture and still another, secretary of posts and railways.

The federal council meets here in Berne. It elects its own president, and he is the president of the republic although his duties are little more than that of chairman of the council. His term is one year. He is here today and gone tomorrow. The vice president is elected in the same way, and it is a matter of courtesy, that the vice president should be the next president. Indeed it is usual to give each of the seven members a year at the presidency before he retires from public office.

The president for 1923 is Carl Sheurer, a citizen of Berne. He is a well educated stout little man, with a fair complexion and scanty thatch of blonde hair on the sides of his head and a shiny baldness on top. When he received me he was dressed in a business suit with a high wing collar and a black tie. He wore large glasses with black rims and his blue eyes twinkled as he talked. The room where we sat was plainly furnished. In a cabinet against one wall were the models of rifles and cartridges used by Switzerland to guard her neutrality during the World war, and opposite this, looking down upon the president's desk, was an old photograph of President Lincoln, while in the secretary's room adjoining I saw two portraits, one of Robert E. Lee and the other of William T. Sherman, both painted in 1869 by a Swiss artist.

The President Talks.

The conversation began with a question as to the national aims of the Swiss. His excellency replied:

"We are a small people and we have a small country. We want only two things and those are work and peace. We have always believed in freedom, and we can fight for it if necessary, but we would like to see the world so constituted that fighting will not be necessary and I believe that will come in time."

"Will it be through the League of Nations?" I asked.

"I hope so," was the reply. "I think the League has a firm foundation, but it will take time for it to do efficient work. The best friends of the League at the start were its worst enemies. They were too zealous, and promised too much. At present we ought not expect too much from it. We can only look for a gradual growth."

"What do you think of your governmental methods in comparison with those of the United States?"

"Our government is a cross between a government by parliament and that of a centralized executive. It is the only system that is suited to us. Such matters depend on climate, geography, size and history of the country. Our government corresponds to the historical development of Switzerland. It might not do for a large country like the United States but it is the right government for us."

Too Many Immigrants.

"What is the condition of Switzerland as far as busines is concerned?"

"Just now it is not good," replied the president. "Some of our factories are idle and we have many men out of work. Our industries depend largely upon stable conditions in the countries about us and the low exchange all around us is hurting our trade. I think we may have become over industrialized. It used to be that the chief business of the Swiss was agriculture. Today, most of our people are manufacturing in one way or another, and the factories have imported cheap labor to such an extent that we have more people than we can support. We must have foreign trade to be prosperous. The class of good we make is what is known as luxury products, the sale of which is limited in times of financial depression among the nations about us. That is the situation today. Nevertheless our money is good and our people are thrifty. We are cutting down our expenses, reducing the number of our government employes, and in time we shall again be on the high road to prosperity."

Initiative and Referendum.

My conversation with the president covered a wide range. We talked of the political parties of which the country has a half dozen or more, including Social Democrats, Liberal Democrats, Catholics, Agrarians and others. We discussed the tariff, the president saying that our high duties do much to cut down the work of the Swiss. We spoke of the initiative and referendum, of both of which he approves with some grains of salt.

The initiative is the right to demand that any new act or amendment may be put to popular vote upon the petition of a certain number of voters. Such a demand signed by 50,000 can force a vote to amend the constitution, and only 30,000, or the request of eight cantons are required to force a vote on any new law. If the majority vote in favor of it, the law or amendment is in force.

The referendum is the submission to the popular vote of any measure which congress has already enacted. This relates also to both the constitution and laws, and, with certain restrictions, the majority rules. During my stay here the nation has taken a referendum vote upon a law passed prohibiting the farmer or citizen to make his own "hooch" and giving the government the control of the home production and sale of strong alcoholic liquors, and has decided that it is null and void.

The government of Switzerland owns the railways, and the telegraph and telephones are under the post-office department. As usual such ownerships are extravagantly managed, and last year the posts and railways ran almost $2,000,000 behind. The people want the civil service reduced to the minimum.

Every Village a Republic.

Republicanism goes further here than with us. Every village and district is a little republic. The communes into which the cantons or states are divided, corresponding somewhat to our counties, townships and wards, are more than 3,000 in number and they settle almost everything relating to their own localities. The people elect their own school teachers and policemen, and they have town meetings in which they decide upon all local matters. Sometimes the meetings are held in the open air, and the decisions are by word of mouth.

Some of the communes own property in common, such as forest lands and houses, and every family may be entitled to free pasture or free wood for the Winter. In the early morning, one sometimes hears the concert of the cowbells as the town cows owned by the various families are being driven by a boy or so to the communal pastures in the mountains nearby, and the same bell-ringing is repeated at night. Once back in the village every cow knows its own home, and seeks it straightway.

The citizenship in some of the communes is valuable, and it is sometimes sold for several hundred dollars or more. It may be inherited. On the other hand it may prove less than a blessing, for each commune must pay its local expenses and support its own poor, and a poor man with a large family may demand some support. The contracts for feeding the poor are put up at auction, and the lowest bidder gets the prize.

Cave-Like Stores of Swiss Capital City

—Copyright, Carpenter's World Travels.

The business section of Berne, Switzerland, reminds one of a slice out of the Middle Ages. It is a city of cave-like stores, with arcades like these extending for miles.

ABE MARTIN

We kin smoke a camel hair cigaret, or a nickel cigar, in a hotel cafe, but a good self-respectin' pipe is barred.

No wonder anything as slow as justice allus soaks a speeder.

Rippling Rhymes

BY WALT MASON

Boiled Cabbage

I SMELL boiled cabbage roods away, as I am tolling home, and like a warhorse snort, and say, "That smell is worth a pome. When one is weary and oppressed by labors in the mart, boiled cabbage soothes his savage breast, and heals his aching heart. No priceless orchid can supplant the cabbage fair to see; now blessings on my thoughtful aunt, who cooks such greens for me." The guys who bask in gilded ease say cabbage makes them sick; they have to eat imported cheese to get the proper kick. Once plain and wholesome grub sufficed, but now such grub they mock, and call for victuals highly spiced, and condiments that knock. For idleness destroys the edge of honest appetite; but I can eat an iron wedge and find it tastes just right. And when at evening I repair along the homeward lane, the scent of cabbage on the air allays my inward pain. Some times a haughty neighbor shrieks when that smell hits his face, aesthetic people hold their beaks and say it's a disgrace. When I'm returning from the quest of plunks and minted bones, I'm sure that Araby the blest no sweeter fragrance owns. How sweet the breath beneath the hill of Sharon's dewy rose! But there's a fragrance sweeter still where yonder cabbage grows. The rose is sweet until it's spoiled by breezes bleak and raw, but it is worthless when it's boiled, and doesn't make good slaw.

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JUST FOLKS

BY EDGAR A. GUEST

The Art of Losing

Lord, when I'm being trimmed at golf
Or bridge or what the game may be,
When all my shots are slightly off,
Please make a gentleman of me!
Teach me to fight to hold my place,
But let me lose with decent grace.

Lord, when it's not my day to win
Let me not whimper or complain;
Teach me, at least, to keep my grin
Although my very best is vain.
Let me not curse my luck or wail,
Oh, teach my spirit how to fail!

Lord, when the odds against me lie,
Whatever goal it is I seek,
Let me look failure in the eye
And still be kindly when I speak.
Not victory alone I choose,
Teach me, Good Master, how to lose.

Lord, when at last the score is known,
Let those with whom I've shared the sport
Tell no ill-temper I have shown,
Or make of me a poor report.
Hard fighter? Yes, and blow for blow,
But not too keen for victory, though.

Lord, when defeat is mine to bear
Let not my spirit be cast down;
Protect me from a gloomy air,
And save me from the churlish frown.
And since it is not art to lose,
That art, before all else, I'd choose.

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VARIETIES

The first icehouse in the United States was built in 1805.

Camels lived in Florida hundreds of thousands of years ago.

Japan's tallest man is seven feet high and weighs 414 pounds.

There are 22 auto stage lines longer than 100 miles in California.

The grain elevators of Minneapolis have a capacity of 40,000,000 bushels.

There are said to be some 10,000 mineral springs in the United States.

Measure 209 feet on each side and you will have an acre within an inch.

Since 1911 there have been 56,691,691 trees planted in the state of New York.

The ancient Hindoos excelled in surgery, their cataract operation still being used.

Lake Chapala is the largest lake in Mexico, 70 miles long and 20 miles wide.

The population of Ireland has dropped from 8,000,000 to 4,500,000 in 75 years.

When the moon is at the zenith we weigh a little less than when it is on the horizon.

The only known diamond mines in North America are located in Pike county, Arkansas.

A dry dock being built in Havre, France, 1,020 feet long, will be the largest in that country.

A cocoanut growing on the island of Mahe weighs 40 pounds and requires seven years to ripen.

Farmers in Scotland and the north of England frequently train foxes to act as water dogs.

The mineral tourmaline becomes electric under pressure and magnetic when heated in peat ashes.

California has flower vases used for advertising purposes that require 1,000 gallons of water.

The increasing cost of fuel has led to the development of a heating stove that will burn sawdust.

Over 300,000 copies of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" were sold the first year it appeared in book form.

Lard made from hogs fed fish meal contains a small amount of the characteristic fatty acid of fish oils.

Students at Harvard are raising bees in order to get the sugar out of flowers that is ordinarily wasted.

It has been estimated that the economic loss to this country due to malaria is $1,000,000,000 annually.

Ethylene, recently announced as a new anesthetic, was used to produce anesthesia experimentally in 1864.

Small coins turned out by the French government are disappearing at the rate of 800,000 francs a day.

An old belief is that a dry September indicates that the following May will be more than usually rainy.

More murders are committed in a year in either New York or Chicago than in the whole of the British isles.

Fifteen new plant diseases were reported in the United States during 1922. Twelve crops were affected.

Enormous swarms of caterpillars recently completely stripped more than 2,500 acres of forest trees in Saxony.

A telephone company in New Orleans forbids any of the 1,000 girls in its employ to wear bracelets or wrist watches.

For every barrel of Portland cement manufactured, approximately 200 pounds of coal is burned at the cement plant.

Nearly three-fifths of the more than 5,400,000 mules in use in the United States are found in nine Cotton Belt states.

Seed flax ranks seventh among the grain crops of the United States in acreage and eighth in point of value of the product.

The first steel produced in the United States was probably made in Connecticut in 1728 by Samuel Rigley and Joseph Dewey.

At birth the brain of a baby gorilla is almost as big as that of a human baby, but grows at a much slower rate throughout infancy.

One hundred and fifty million tons of wood waste is produced annually, most of which, it is asserted, finds no useful application.

A safe which automatically choloroforms a burglar when he attempts to open it has been put on the market by an Austrian firm.

Because the sea air corrodes steel mail boxes quickly, brass mail boxes have been placed at collection points on the boardwalk in Atlantic City.

Research by scientists in medicine and surgery in Germany is reported to be practically at a standstill because of lack of financial support.

German public health authorities have called attention to soy beans as a source of a substitute milk for cooking but not for infant feeding.

Great Britain's total output of coal is about 260,400,000 tons annually, of which some 93,400,000 tons are, in normal times, exported.

Silk cocoon production in China would be increased 60 per cent, it is estimated, if only healthy eggs which have passed the regulation tests were used.

The damage done by insects and diseases to living trees and to forest products amounts to about $130,000,000 a year, department of agriculture experts estimate.

In the Balkans, where women tend goats and cattle in the mountains, it is necessary for them to wear trousers; skirts would be too cumbersome among the rocks.

In proportion to its size, the New Zealand kiwi lays the largest egg of any bird in the world, a female, 24 inches in length, producing an egg five inches long and three inches broad.

Fourteen stone axes, recently unearthed on a farm property in Norway, are declared by experts to be examples of one of the earliest known forms of stone axes, dating from a period 7,000 years ago.

Although mummified apes of ancient Egypt show evidence of rickets, no definite evidence of this disease has yet been found in the numerous human bodies examined from ancient graves of that land.

The crude mineral oil production of Japan for 1922 was 1,350,034 barrels (of 42 gallons each), which total indicates a decrease of 14 per cent for the year as compared with the 1921 total of 2,171,055 barrels.

The rabbit is one of the greatest pests in Australia. During the last seven years the number of rabbit skins sold in Sydney alone has averaged 36,000,000 per annum. Yet notwithstanding this huge slaughter the rabbits are increasing by scores of millions every year.

HOUSEHOLD and CHILDREN

A TIN HELMET

BY MARTHA HOLDEN

It was Armistice day. Five years ago great guns had ceased to roar, the steel-jacketed shell of death had stopped pouring from the muzzles of the guns as they sped on their mission of destruction to yonder where the enemy lay en-

trenched. And the leaden hail of bullets upon the earth; no more the rat-a-tat-tat of the machine guns through the valleys; no more the whine of the high explosive shell cause eyes of youths in horizon blue and gray to look apprehensively al- so youths knew they could hear the shell meant

for them.

The war was over. The soldiers at home could not believe it. For weeks and months and years they had been living in an awful inferno of death and destruction. Then it was silent and serene. When the news of the signing of the armistice was flashed to all parts of the world it was the signal for the universal display of allied flags to the breeze. Almost wild and gaiety took the place of sorrow, for the war was over, war-tired nations rejoiced and the boys in the mud of the battle and tangled thickets of the Argonne were no longer in danger.

Five years had passed since all this and John Ames sat in the living room of his home in an American city. Near him sat Agnes, his wife. The eyes of both parents were fastened with interest upon the antics of little four-year-old Bobby, who played in front of the blazing gas logs.

The man's glance turned from the tousled head of his son to fall on the evening paper that lay open on the library table. A prominent headline announced that "Vets Celebrate Armistice Day." As John read the caption his eyes hardened and a flush overspread his cheeks. All day the signing of the armistice had been recalled to him. It made him tired to hear about the heroes who had offered their lives for their country's cause. John thought they had received all the credit while the folks back home got none.

Little Bobby then attracted attention once more. He was dragging a new plaything across the room. Neither parent had seen it before and Bobby's mother asked him, "What's that, Bobby?"

"That's my helmet," answered the child. "I traded my ball for it today with Edward, next door."

John's eyes examined the new plaything, and he saw at once that Bobby had acquired a battered "tin hat" which the Yankee soldiers wore overseas and which they were allowed to take home with them when they were discharged.

Then Bobby's voice was heard again to break up the train of thoughts in John's mind. "Edward's daddy wore this when he was a soldier and Edward ast today if my daddy had one and I said you didn't. S. Edward said he'd trade me this for my ball as his daddy had another one and you didn't have none at all. So I traded.

"How's come you ain't got a helmet Daddy? Wasn't you a soldier like Edward's daddy? Edward says a grownup men like his daddy was soldiers then. Why wasn't you one, Daddy?"

At last the dreaded question had come to John and he couldn't answer it the way he wanted to answer it to his son. Back in the war days the recruiting posters told him that some day he'd have to answer that question, but he thought it was so much junk. John Ames was self-willed. He didn't want to go to war and he wasn't going to join the army simply because all his friends were joining. That was their lookout. If they wanted to be soldiers they could, but they weren't going to force him to be one. Besides there were plenty to fight without calling him.

Didn't he sell Liberty bonds and didn't he work hard in a munitions factory making shell cases? He was more useful at home than in the trenches as "cannon fodder." Let those who weren't skilled do the fighting. Anyone could fight, but not everyone could make shell cases.

Such were the alibis of John Ames during the days of 1918, when the young manhood of the land was being sent to training camps, clad in olive drab and marched in great hosts to ports from where they embarked for overseas. John had remained behind, being successful in claiming exemption on account of his work. It was safer.

When the boys returned he met many of his old friends on the street. Usually they asked him what outfit he served in, and he had to explain fully about the munitions factory and Liberty bonds. But the explanations didn't seem to impress his friends. After he had made one the friend usually found an excuse to leave him.

Often the question was asked of John, "What did the doctors find wrong with you, John?"

And John had to answer, "Nothing, I was able-bodied." The resulting "oh's" had a world of meaning.

Little Bobby was clutching at his daddy's knee. His baby face turned toward John's face and his big blue eyes were opened wide as he asked again, "How's come all the other boys' daddies was in the war and has helmets except you, Daddy? I want to know 'cause they sometimes says things about you when I tell them you has no helmet or uniform."

Agnes Ames interrupted at that moment with the nightly command, "Come on, Bobby, it's bedtime."

Agnes sympathized with her husband, for she knew how wretched he must feel. It was too bad that he had not realized this state of affairs six years ago. She should have insisted at the time on his going to war, but then she selfishly thought only of herself. He might get killed or meet some other girl, and then they would not be married.

In his chair before the fire John's head drooped. He had been ashamed of himself before his son's innocent questions. His darling Bobby was looked down upon by the other boys whose fathers were veterans. And all because he had been stubborn when his patriotism was not strong enough to send him out of the safety zone of munitions factories and Liberty bond drives into the danger zone of war even though he was able-bodied. Influence used in the right place had kept him out of the draft. Oh, if he had not listened to slackers and become one himself.

A tear dropped down upon his cheek and then another and another. And they continued to pour forth. The poor man could not stop the torment within even when his wife's arms stole around his neck and her soft cheek was pressed against his, as she sobbed, "It was my fault. I kept you with me."

That was the woman of it, to take all the blame. All the soft words in the world could not relieve John's distress, for his little son upstairs, tucked in his warm white bed, must be wondering in his little mind why Daddy left his question unanswered and didn't have a "tin helmet." Little did he know that Daddy could never answer the question and keep Bobby's respect, which he desired so much.

MERRY-GO-ROUND

It is the cause and not the death that makes the martyr.—Napoleon.

BELIEVES IN SMILES

I have longed to enter the jolly circle for a long time, but feared there was no room for me till the last issue of the ever welcome Blade arrived, and I saw that Aunt Martha's stack of letters had dwindled on account of vacation season. So I rushed to my typewriter, hurriedly inserted a sheet of paper and said to myself, "Now's my time." When I began to pound out ribbon I discovered Aunt Martha was talking to the boys and girls. However, I used to be a girl, but never have been a boy, so I'm going to risk butting in this time anyway.

This is some busy season. Farmers are very industrious digging tobacco and potatoes, gathering hay, mowing corn and doing all sorts of stunts. Heavens and earth! I do believe I've hiked this talk up till it's all backwards. Now I wouldn't have done a thing like that right here in the presence of all you critics for all the world but a hinge from the golden gates thrown in; but I haven't time to straighten it up now, so you will have to guess at what I mean.

How many of you folks think it wrong to joke? I don't, if the joke is a harmless one; I mean one that will not injure anyone's character or social standing. It just gives me the "all-overs" to find myself in the presence of some long-jawed, bleary-eyed, fault-finding critic who thinks no one can get to heaven if they happen to joke a little, or maybe forget themselves and send forth a merry peal of laughter. Really, I think that true Christians are sure to be cheerful, as they have more to make them happy than anyone else. The face wreathed in smiles is the one that finds a welcome everywhere, while the old sour crabs are dreaded more than the smallpox. Even a grin looks better than a frown accompanied by a terrible tale of imaginary woe.

Well, my sermon is getting too lengthy. I fear I'll be found sitting back in the waste basket if I stay longer, but if that's my destination I'm still going to believe in scattering sunshine anyway, and I'll meet each visitor to that gloomy abode with a smile and attempt to pacify their grief at having to land in that horrid den. If Aunt Martha don't object I may come again and will promise to not stay so long next—oh, I mean till the next time.—Jolly Jink.

TAKES A TRIP

I want to tell the cousins about a little tour we made recently. We started for Bennington, Vt., in the morning and parked our machine at the soldier's monument there. It is the monument of Seth Warner. We stopped by the road for lunch. Our party had a fine camping outfit, so we set the table and had a refreshing cup of hot tea each.

While eating, a company of soldiers rode by on their way to camp. We drove along Champlain canal, that flows into the Hudson river, and viewed the range of mountains in their full beauty. Around Lake George we saw many things of interest.

On our way home we stopped at Saratoga Springs and tasted two varieties of spring water. I think one kind might make good medicine while the water from the other must flow from a bed of salt. One little sip was enough.

Vermont is improving its roads all the time, so we found good routes. Bishop Brooks said a prayer was a wish sent upwards towards God. Why not send up a wishing prayer to God for more safe automobile riding? Then let us not forget to thank God for our safe return home.—M. C. C., Vermont.

ABOUT EVERYTHING

Cousins, wake up and write more letters. Our paper wouldn't seem the same without letters. In the Summer I had a dearest pet red squirrel. Often he woke me up in the morning by jumping on the porch swing. He would frisk around so playfully and then tease for nuts which he takes from my hand.

I wonder how many of us would know how to take care of money to the best advantage if left a large inheritance. It is said that money is the root of all evil, but I doubt it. It can do unbounded good if used in the right way. If wrongly used for a selfish purpose, the person, not the money, is at fault. My idea of philanthrophy is giving to a cause which will better economic conditions so every family can be self-supporting.

I had the most beautiful flower garden last Summer. The house and porch were always filled with flowers and I gave away many. What a different appearance flowers give even commonplace surroundings! Seems as if no one ought to be without them. To me they preach a sermon without words.

Some people seem to be afraid to spend days by themselves, to live with their own thoughts. Of course, no one wants to be alone always, but if one's thoughts are not good company for yourself, how can they be for others? An hour of solitude is more refreshing to the mental equilibrium than a movie. Don't be afraid to think, but direct your thinking in the right channels. I am happy to saw that I am much less of an invalid than I was the last time I wrote. How many remember me?—Ruby of [illegible]

Jimmy's Letters

Dear Cousins:

Papa and Mamma have an awful time when it comes time to get up in the morning. Papa fixes the alarm clock so it rings at six o'clock. He used to reach out of bed to turn it off and then roll over and go to sleep again. Mamma told him he might just as well sell the clock or loan it to the neighbors to get rid of it, as both ways was good. Papa said it was kind of foolish for him to turn it off, but the soft bed was more tempting than the cold floor.

Finally Papa laughed out loud one night and Mamma asked him if he was going crazy, cause if he was she was going visiting. Papa said no such luck, and Mamma stuck out her tongue at him. Then Papa said he was laughing cause he had a new idea and it was to put the clock in one corner where he couldn't reach it from the bed. The idea sounded good to both him and Mamma, and so the clock was put there. The next morning when it rang, Papa had to get out of bed to shut it off, but he surprised Mamma by not staying out, but climbed in again.

I heard Mamma telling the next door neighbor lady that he does that now every morning and calls it his breakfast exercise. I guess the three-yard dash is too much for him, and he has to get another hour's sleep cause he's so tired from running to the clock and back to bed. Mamma said she doesn't know why he sets the clock for one hour before he has to get up and Papa told her he doesn't expect her to know a whole lot of things. Mamma said she guessed he didn't know why he did it either, and he said if he didn't know why, it was not the only thing he didn't know, as right now he didn't know why he ever got married.

The phone rang then and I didn't hear no more cause it was for Mamma, and she always talks a half hour, and I was sleepy and had to go to bed and Papa went too, telling Mamma as he went, and knowing she couldn't say nothing back to him while she was talking on the phone, that he would be asleep by the time she came and in that way would miss the regular argument over winding the clock, which Mamma says is wasted effort like when I hurry to eat and get done and then can't get up from the table till everybody else is done. Some other day I'll tell you more about getting up in the morning.—Jimmy.

Mixing With Martha

Hollandaise Sauce for Cod.

Divide one-half cup of butter into three pieces. Put one of these pieces into the top of your double boiler with the slightly beaten yolks of two eggs and one tablespoonful of lemon juice; stir this mixture as it cooks, using a wire whisk, and when the butter is melted, add the second and then the third piece of butter. When the last piece is melted, stir in one-third cupful of boiling water, cook one minute longer, and remove from fire to cool. Season with one-third teaspoonful of salt and a pinch of cayenne pepper.

Carrot Pudding.

Boil 3 or 4 large carrots, mixed with 2 tablespoonfuls butter, until tender. Mix with 1 cup sugar, a pinch of nutmeg and 3 eggs, well beaten. Put into pudding pan and bake 45 minutes. Serve hot or cold, with or without sauce.

Vegetables With Ham.

For this recipe you will need 1 pound of cabbage, 2 cups of carrots cut in cubes, 2 cups of diced turnip, 1 quart of either canned or stewed fresh tomatoes, 3 sliced onions, either 1 cup of diced celery or 1 teaspoonful of celery seed, ¾ of a cup of brown rice, a few cloves, 6 peppercorns and the hock end of a ham. Quarter the cabbage and place it with the other vegetables and the rice alternately in a crock or deep baking dish, putting the ham-end (from which you have removed the skin) in the middle of the dish. Tie the spices in a small piece of muslin and add this close to the ham. Cover with boiling water, put on the pan cover and cook slowly for three hours in a medium oven. Serve very hot. This dish is a little meal in itself.

Corn Fritters.

Take 2 cups of canned corn, 2 well beaten eggs, ½ teaspoonful of salt, same of pepper, 1 cupful flour, pressed down and heaped a little, and 1 cupful of cold milk. Have ready a hot frying pan, well greased, and drop in the batter by spoonfuls. There should be enough for a dozen fritters. Do not let them touch. Cook in relays, frying on one side four minutes then turn. These are delicious served with chicken, or as a breakfast dish.

Aunt Martha Says—

Many a person who is everlastingly waiting for an opportunity is disappointed when one really comes.

In order to drive an auto successfully a woman must learn to change gears as easily as she changes her mind.

A man ought to be glad his wife has a mind to change.

One reason why woman's work is never done is because men's socks are never without holes.

Now is the time to obtain money from your husband with which to buy his Christmas present.

Women may be at the bottom of many things, but a good many are at the top too.

Lobster New Orleans Style

Have the meat of the lobster removed from the shell and weighed. There should be about two pounds. Melt two tablespoons butter, add one minced pepper, one-half mined onion, one-half teaspoon paprika and stir constantly until the vegetables are yellow and soft. Add two tablespoons flour and one-half teaspoon salt and blend well. Then add two cups of tomato puree and stir until boiling point is reached. Reheat over hot water and add one-fourth cup rice boiled until tender in salted water.

Woman Sheriff Refuses to Use Gun

SHERIFF ANNA M. LOWE.

When Sheriff Lowe died, after 33 years' service in Slayton, Minn., Mrs. Anna M. Lowe was appointed to succeed her husband.

Following the life-long practice of her husband, Mrs. Lowe, when receiving the pledge of her office ,declared that she would not carry a gun as she saw no reason for it since her husband fulfilled his years of service without one.

"Afraid?" Minnesota's only woman sheriff was asked by reporters. She elevated a determined chin by way of answer.

BOYS AND GIRLS

The mouse that has but one hole is quickly taken.—Herbert.

CALL TO ARMS

Here! Here! What's all the fuss? Stand back, folks. Don't all rush for the waste basket. Auntie says if we don't write she is going to put the M. G. R. and Boys and Girls in one department. This will n-e-v-e-r do, Cousins, pep up. You flappers who "spiel" about your pep, show us some. I am surprised. I did not know everyone was "gonna" quit just because I did.

My goodness! Did you hear that? Anne of Green Gables on the ocean? Do you s'pose she is on her honeymoon with some Blade "feller?" Oh, how wonderful! Such lovely Fall days and we have a Dixie Moonbeam in our corner. How nice! Do you think Holly Sleath of W. Va. is Fred Sleath's brother or sister? What on earth has happened to Fred, Holly?

Girls, girls, look this way just a "secont." Down in "Many Uses for Apples" recently we found apple pie. Here's your chance. Make an apple pie and win a man.

I think it's too silly to be angry at Auntie when she does not do things, to suit us. We aren't IT, spelled with capitals. But I know something we think we are, Cousins, way down (not east) in the Poets' Corner of a recent paper was a poem "Push Up the Corners." Let's all paste it some place where we will see it often. The girls can try mirrors and the boys cigaret cases. My mouth doesn't have what one could call corners. It is so big and usually in motion.

Snap into it and be yourselves, you flapper cousins. Show yourselves. Of course I was given a name, but when I get the paper and read some of your funny arguments, "you all" give I just "sits" and—Chuckles.

FELT GUILTY AFTER THIS

What was the most guilty feeling you ever had? I live in the country, in Tennessee, where there are trees, flowers and sunshine in abundance. Near my home is a large tract of woodland which is full of birds. When I was a tiny 10-year-old I was out rambling around in the woods, as I loved to do. I found some dogwood bushes that were low. They were overgrown with wild grapevines that made a little shelter for the nests of birds. I loved to find them and peep inside to see if there were any eggs or little birds.

In this one particular place I found the home of a little brown thrush. Cautiously I tried to look in the nest but it was a little too high. Then I grabbed the grapevine and began to pull. Gradually the nest came closer and I could almost see inside, when out tumbled a tiny greenish egg. Then the limb began to break. I tried to push it back into place, but in vain. The little home was in ruins.

How sad I was when the male bird came and saw the disaster and began calling his mate as he fluttered around. Together they lamented over their home that was destroyed. And there I was, looking on. For days the memory of it haunted me and I would go back there hoping to find it replaced. But no. I had torn their home and their hearts to pieces. No more could they sing at dawn and twilight, not even for me, who wanted so much to hear them.

Can't you imagine my feelings? Did you ever feel as guilty as I felt then?—Cheerl-O.

W. B. FEARS SPITFIRE

Sh! Hush! Hush! For goodness sake, don't throw a paper wad at W. B. or I will certainly be lost. How are all of you? For a long time I've wanted to come pokin' along in your happy circle. If my dreams all would come true what a spoiled child I'd be!

What is the matter, cousins? I don't see nearly as many "Snatches" as I used to see. Are you all so busy you can't drop in and say just a word? This is a very busy season, I imagine everyone realizes it, as I am sure I do.

So many people dislike Autumn, but I think it is so pretty, especially when the leaves are all colors of the rainbow. I have bobbed hair and if looks would kill anyone, I would have been dead long ago. My brother and I are the only children living. He is smaller than I am. My mother is not well and I have work to do as well as anyone else, and it is work.

Well, cousins, you don't want me to starve, do you? So I will skip along and eat my supper. If W. B. wakes up before I am admitted, the next time I will bring along a ripe tomato and sneak in while he is wiping tomato out of his eyes.—Spitfire.

FLIERS INVITED

I would like to tell the cousins a bird story. Several years ago a pair of indigo buntings built a nest in some berry bushes near a hen house, and my little nephew and I noticed there were some young birds in it. Later we found some of the little ones missing, and still later discovered the hens taking the last one. Neither we nor the parent birds could save them. I have a bird guide of land birds east of the Rockies, and have learned much from reading it.

Brown Fox, I want to congratulate you on your letter. I wasn't a bit surprised to see it in the Honor Roll. There are lots of fine letters, and I save some of them, especially the descriptive ones.

How many of the cousins have ridden in an airship? Would like to hear some of their experiences if any of them have tried flying. I never had much desire to ride in one myself.—Shorty of New York.

Snatches From W. B.

When I was 10 years old I had spinal meningitis and it robbed me of my hearing. I haven't heard the sound of anyone's voice since then. Although unfortunate in this respect, I have always tried to look upon the bright side of life and have managed to find happiness.—Mary L. Doran, W. Va.

I live on a farm and like it very much, having resided there all my life, which is 16 years.—West Virginian.

Although nothing could be more beautiful than the Fall, I love all seasons of the year, Cammie, I agree with you about being silent when we are angry. I guess the flappers could be like the modest girls if they wished.—Curleyhead of Va.

Johnny, I have guessed your identity. I could tell as soon as I read your letter. I am in the seventh grade and go to school every day.—Blue Eyes of W. Va.

Soiled Bottles

Put a half teaspoonful of baking soda in the bottle that has contained soured milk. Pour over it hot water, shake well and rinse with cold water and the bottle will be sweet once more.

CARE OF RUBBER PLANT

American housewives have a great liking for rubber plants, which are grown much more commonly in the United States than in Great Britain. No doubt one reason for the favor in which they are held is their ease of cultivation and their immunity to dust and a dry atmosphere. The rubber plant requires considerable water, although too much can be easily applied. Washing off the leaves with tepid water helps to keep them bright, while fish oil soap may be used if insects appear, being applied with a soft sponge. Housewives sometimes rub oil on the leaves with the idea of making them glossy, but this is a very unwise proceeding. If a dark, brown spot appears on a leaf, change the location of the plant. It is due very likely to a flaw in the glass which concentrates the rays of the sun in one spot.

English housewives are more likely to grow the Aspidistra, which is both ornamental and tractable. As a matter of fact, there are few house plants that will tolerate so much neglect. Moreover, it has the distinct advantage of thriving without direct sunlight, making it available for the more remote corners of the living rooms and halls. One point to remember is that it must never be allowed to dry out, although it doesn't require a great amount of water during the Winter months. There is one form with green leaves and another which is better liked, having long, white lines to break the surface color. Unlike most plants, the leaves come up from the roots instead of branching out from a common stalk. If the pot gets overcrowded, some of the young plants may readily be removed and repotted. It is necessary only to cut off a little of the root in order to give them a start.

Still another plant which is surprisingly adapted to adverse house conditions bears the name of Sanseveria. It is not so often grown as its merits would warrant. The leaves, which are long and sword-like, shoot straight into the air. They are prettily variegated and decidedly ornamental. In some ways it is rather more ornamental than the better known Aspidistra, and requires no more attention.

Chat With Cousins

There are many kinds of pictures. A grove of trees with gradually thinning foliage splashed with the colors of Autumn is a beautiful picture. A woodland scene in mid-Summer, along the shores of some blue lake, is a pretty picture. A formal garden with rows of clipped hedges and graceful shrubbery, is a picture that delights the eye. A beautiful girl makes a fine picture. But there is no picture, be it that of Autumn, Summer, lake, garden or girl, that is more beautiful than the picture of a happy home circle. All day long men work in factory and office and women labor in the home. Then when evening comes the family can assemble in the living room around the fire. There is the tired, but smiling mother, the cheerful father and the laughing faces of the little children. As the kiddies indulge in their final romp before bedtime, the mother reads the paper and the father smokes his pipe, the whole makes a wonderful picture—a picture of contentment and happiness, Such circles form the backbone of the nation. What sweeter picture could be painted?

Many of you cousins are responding to Aunt Martha's plea for letters. She's sorry she had to threaten destruction to one department to obtain this result. If this outpouring of letters is not simply a sudden flood, but a steady stream, all will be well and both departments will be continued. But it must be a continuous stream.

Rita has dreams. She dreams of her cousin who went away to war and never returned, being reported missing in action. In these dreams he seems to be located on some farm. She wonders what the dreams mean. Aunt Martha cannot tell her. Can some of you? Rita would also like to have someone describe the burial place of Cecil Rhodes in South Africa.

Louise believes in giving one-tenth of what you earn to the Lord. She thinks it is pretty low rent for His blessings. She says that if every Christian would do this, things would be different. No minister would have to wait for his salary and few would be underpaid. No missionary would have to be recalled or kept at home. She says the more you give the less you miss the money, the more you see to give to, and the greater joy you get in giving.

After all there is nothing like mother love. Your mother loves you and does for you what no other person would do. You can do no better than show her that you love her. Mother love is not confined to humans. Recently there was a fire in a certain locality. A mother dog and her five puppies were in the building which was on fire. The dog carried one puppy out at a time until there was only one left. The fire raged more fiercely than ever. The building was doomed. Four of the puppies and the mother were safe, but the other puppy was still in the burning inferno, helpless. Did the mother dog leave this puppy? No, she went into the burning building again and that was the last seen of her. After everything was over she was found inside with the last puppy, burned to death. She died for the puppy because she was a mother, even though she was a dog.

Listener comes this week with an appeal to the cousins to write and write for the page and keep Aunt Martha from abolishing one department. Listener wants everyone to stand by the page, as the many letters are always replete with good ideas—ideas that we cannot get along without. Listen to Listener and sharpen your pencils.

A dinner table in its dress of snowy linen, gleaming cut glass, white china and shining silverware all ready to receive its load of delicious viands, is an attractive scene. Every plate, knife, fork and spoon in its right place. The guests, as they catch a glimpse of the table from the living room, feel their appetites increase alarmingly. The table suggests many things that will delight the taste and they can hardly wait until the hostess beckons them to their chairs. When you entertain spend some time on your table and make it attractive. In that way everyone gets hungry at once and all enjoy the dinner you place before them. There is nothing more pleasing to a hostess than for her to see her guests eating as if they enjoyed it. She feels successful, and she is successful. Try tempting the stomach through the eye.

Three Kinds of Red Pepper

There is a distinction with a difference between cayenne, red pepper and paprika. Cayenne is the dried pod of a small red pepper with known energizing qualities, while red pepper is secured from the large-podded peppers of milder quality. Paprika, the powdered pod of the large sweet peppers, is grown in this country as well as in Europe.

Patent Leather Shoes

A little milk or sweet oil will clean your patent leather shoes nicely. If the leather has become hardened from being wet, a little vaseline will soften them.

POETS' CORNER

The Patter of Little Feet

Up with the sun in the morning,
Away to the garden he hies,
To see if the sleeping blossoms
Have begun to open their eyes.

Running a race with the wind,
With a step as light and fleet,
Under my window I hear
The patter of little feet.

Now to the brook he wanders,
In swift and noiseless flight,
Splashing the sparkling ripples
Like a fairy water-sprite.

No sand under fabled river
Has gleams like his golden hair,
No pearly sea-shell is fairer
Than his slender ankles bare.

Nor the rosiest stem of coral,
That blushes in ocean's bed,
Is sweet as the flash that follows
Our darling's airy tread.

From a broad window my neighbor,
Looks down on our little cot,
And watches the "poor man's blessing"—
I cannot envy his lot.

He has pictures, books, and music,
Bright fountains, and noble trees,
Rare store of blossoming roses,
Birds from beyond the seas.

But never does childish laughter
His homeward footsteps greet;
His stately halls he'er echo
To the tread of innocent feet.

This child is our "sparkling picture,"
A birdling that chatters and sings,
Sometimes a sleeping cherub,
(Our other one has wings.)

His heart is a charmed casket,
Full of all that's cunning and sweet,
And no harpstring holds such music
As follows his twinkling feet.

When the glory of sunset opens
The highway by angels trod,
And seems to unbar the city
Whose builder and maker is God—

Close to the crystal portal,
I see by the gates of pearl,
The eyes of our other angel—
A twin-born little girl.

And I ask to be taught and directed
To guide his footsteps aright;
So to live that I may be ready
To walk in sandals of light—

And hear, amid songs of welcome,
From messengers trusty and fleet,
On the starry floor of heaven,
The patter of little feet.

Unity

BY ALFRED NOYES.

Heart of my heart, the world is young;
Love lies hidden in every rose!
Every song that the skylark sung!
Once, we thought, must come to a close.
Now we know the spirit of song,
Song that is merged in the chant of the whole;
Hand in hand as we wander along,
What should we doubt of the years that roll?

Heart of my heart, we cannot die!
Love triumphant in flower and tree,
Every life that laughs at the sky
Tells us nothing can cease to be;
One, we are one with a song today,
One with the clover that scents the wold;
One with the Unknown, far away,
One with the stars, when earth grows old.

Heart of my heart, we are one with the wind,
One with the clouds that are whirled o'er the lea,
One in many, O broken and blind!
One as the waves are at one with the sea!
Ay! when life seems scattered apart,
Darkens, ends as a tale that is told;
One, we are one, O heart of my heart!
One, still one, while the world grows old.

The Father's Knee

BY JAMES BALLANTYNE.

O happy is the mother
Of each little pet,
Who has a happy father,
By the fire set,
With one wee tottum sleeping
'Neath its mother's e'e,
And tottum creeping
Up at the father's knee.
Aye rocking, rocking,
Aye rocking, ree—
Pulling at his stocking,
Climbing up his knee.

Though our wee bit housie
Few there be that know,
Happy we and cosie,
Round about it go.
Though for seats so scanty
Bairns cannot agree,
They cuddle all so ranty
On their father's knee.
They're aye wink—winking,
With a sleeping e'e,
Or aye jink-jinkling
Round their father's knee.

Though the sunlight shining
Scarce glints on the wall,
There is ne'er repining
By our fire-light small.
And bright the rays of glory,
Streaming down we see,
When the good grandsire hoary
Bends his aged knee,
Both the parents kneeling
By their tots so wee,—
Holy is the feeling
Offered on the knee.

I wonder if in palace,
Or in lordly hall,
Their hearts are all as hale as
In our cot so small;
If the Royal Mother
Can her lassies see,
Cuddling their wee brother
On their father's knee!
What to her kind bosie
Are her kingdoms three,
Unless her tots are cosie
On their father's knee.

Mother o' Mine

BY PETER GOLDEN.

Oh, there's no one at all in the world like you, dear,
No one at all who so holds to my heart,
No one so tender, and no one so true, dear,
No one for warm I from you would depart.
Though exiled afar to the land of the stranger,
I shall not forget you in shadow or shine;
In sickness or sorrow, in dread or in danger,
To you I'll be faithful, O Mother o' Mine!

Through the night of my exile, your hands have upheld me,
Your memory has cheered me, and lighted my way,
And the hope, O my mother! has evermore thrilled me,
That soon I shall witness the dawn of the day—
The day that will see from each mountain and valley
The sheen of our sabres resplendently shine,
When your children again all around you shall rally,
To bring back your glory, O Mother o' Mine!

Oh, Mother o' Mine, can you hear how I cry to you,
Call to you all through the night-time and day,
Yearn for you, long for you, wish I might fly to you,
But awaken to find myself far, far away!
Sure the heart in my bosom is broken with longing,
And my soul for your face never ceases to pine,
And through all of my life there is no thought comes thronging
That is not of you, dear, O Mother o' Mine!

They have bowed down in sorrow your head that was peerless,
With the blood of your bravest they've drenched every plain,
With fire and with sword all your homes they've male cheerless
And proclaimed you were conquered again and again.
They have left in their wake only rapine and slaughter;
They have ruined each hearthstone and rifled each shrine,
But their blood, yet, by heaven, shall flow like the water,
When we come to avenge you, O Mother o' Mine!

The call to the hillsides again will be sounding,
And tense with devotion we wait for the cry,
When your children once more o'er the seas will go bounding,
Again for your sake, dear, to do and to die,
The whine of the coward we pass by with scorning,
The fight for your freedom we shall not resign,
Until we have crowned you sublime as the morning,
And throned you in beauty, oh, Mother o' Mine!

Much Ado

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

When you think of it, friend, the worries,
The troubles that wear you out,
Are often the veriest trifles,
That common sense should flout;
They write the forehead with wrinkles,
They bow the shoulder with care,
Yet a little patience would show you, friend,
Just how their weight to bear.

It's somebody late to breakfast
And the coffee growing cold;
It's a button that isn't fastened,
Or a string too slight to hold;
And time and temper are wasted,
And the fun is driven away,
And all for the want of gentleness,
The home is spoiled for a day.

And the children make a litter
Of toys upon the floor,
And Johnny forgets to wipe his feet,
And Susie to shut the door;
And who that hears you scolding,
Which after awhile you'll rue,
Would deem these heedless little ones
Just all the world to you?

'Tis well that God and the angels
Know better far than we,
That our conscience and our conduct, friends,
So seldom quite agree.
'Tis well that the Lord is patient,
And sees, not what we are,
But what, at our best, we are fain to be,
Unmoved by strife and jar.

Ah me! for the little trifles,
Of which our bitter brew
Of sorrow and trouble is often mixed,
As weakly, with much ado,
We meet the smaller worries,
That are quickly out of sight,
When the sweep of a dark-winged angel
Obscures our lives with might.

Poems Wanted

Following poems are requested by readers: "Pearl Bryan," "Beautiful Ohio," "Let the Rest of the World Go By," "Margie," "Tomorrow," "The Cumberland's Crew," "Harry Ball." Also songs and poems containing these words: "Thou hast learned to love another, thou hast broken every vow," "Let truth and wisdom guide my pen while writing for the sons of men;" "The darkness came down upon Shiloh."

Helpful Hints for Hustling Housewives

For an unusual and attractive relish dip ripe olives into red frosting.

An excellent remedy for a cut is raw starch. It should be wetted and applied to the cut as quickly as possible.

One housewife claims her fire will always pick up if she removes one of the front lids and places a kettle of cold water over the fire.

For a bilious attack, try the juice of half a lemon, half a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, and two tablespoonfuls of warm water.

A quarter of a teaspoonful of baking powder added to mashed potatoes while beating will make them light and fluffy.

One housewife always puts an old plate in the bottom of the saucepan when boiling a pudding in a cloth so the pudding cannot stick to the bottom of the pan.

Discoloration on china cups disappears if it is rubbed with a damp cloth dipped in salt.

Spots on wallpaper may be removed by a paste of cornstarch and water spread upon them and allowed to dry. When this is brushed off the stains will be gone.

Candles are easily fitted into holders which are too small for them if their ends are melted and softened in hot water.

Paper walls are most conveniently cleansed with a home-made brush made of strips of cheesecloth, each one an inch and a half wide and eight inches long, attached to a long light handle. It should be used about twice a month.

COULD HARDLY DO ANY WORK

But Since Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound This Woman Feels So Well

Keeseville, N.Y.—"I cannot praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound too highly for the good it has done me. I was so much troubled with female weakness I could hardly do any work. I saw your advertisement in the paper, and read it to my husband. He said, 'You had better try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound', so I bought six bottles, and by taking it I am not troubled as I was. I am gaining strength and getting fleshy. My female troubles have vanished and I have never felt so well. The Liver Pills are the best I ever took. If you think my letter will encourage other sufferers you have my permission to use it as an advertisement."—Mrs. SARAH BLAISE, Box 177, Keeseville, N. Y.

Doing the housework for the average American family is some task, and many women lose their health in so doing. If you, as a housewife, are troubled with backache, irregularities, are easily tired out and irritable, or have other disagreeable ailments caused by some weakness, give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial. Let it help you.

Cheaper and Saves Time

When buying buttons for children's underwear and rompers, etc., buy a large quantity of the same standard make. Then you will not waste time matching buttons each time one is lost.

ERSKINE DALE--PIONEER

BY JOHN FOX, JR.

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Continued From Last Week

In the earlies. days the highest cedars in the world rose above the underbrush. The wild vines were so full of grape bunches that the very turf overflowed with them. Deer, turkey and snow-white cranes were in incredible abundance. The shores were fringed with verdure. The Indians were a "kind, loving people." Englishmen called it the "Good Land," and found it "most plentiful, sweet, wholesome, and fruitful of all others. The east was the ocean: Florida was the south! the north was Nova Francia, and the west unknown. Only the shores touched the interior, which was an untraveled realm of fairer fruits and flowers than in England; green shores, majestic forests, and blue mountains filled with gold and jewels. Bright birds flitted, dusky maids danced and beckoned, rivers ran over golden sand, and toward the South Sea was the Fount of Youth, whose waters made the aged young again. Bermuda Islands were an enchanted den full of furies and devils which all men did shun as hell and perdition. And the feet of all who had made history had trod that broad path to the owner's heart and home.

Down it now came a little girl—the flower of all those dead and gone—and her coming was just as though one of the flowers about her had stepped from its gay company on one or the other side of the path to make through them a dainty, triumphal march as the fairest of them all. At the dial she paused and her impatient blue eyes turned to a bend of the yellow river for the first glimpse of a gay barge that soon must come. At the wharf the song of negroes rose as they unloaded the boat from Richmond. She would go and see if there was not a package for her mother and perhaps a present for herself, so with another look to the river bend she turned, but she moved no farther. Instead, she gave a little gasp, in which there was no fear, though what she saw was surely startling enough to have made her wheel in flight. Instead, she gazed steadily into a pair of grave black eyes that were fixed on her from under a green branch that overhung the footpath, and steadily she searched the figure standing there, from the coonskin cap down the fringed hunting shirt and fringed breeches to the moccasined feet. And still the strange figure stood arms folded, motionless and silent. Neither the attitude nor the silence was quite pleasing, and the girl's supple slenderness stiffened, her arms went rigidly to her sides, and a haughty little snap sent her undimpled chin upward.

"What do you want?"

And still he looked, searching her in turn from head to foot, for he was no more stranger to her than she was to him.

"Who are you and what do you want?"

It was a new way for a woman to speak to a man; he in turn was not pleased, and a gleam in his eyes showed it.

"I am the son of a king."

She started to laugh, but grew puzzled, for she had the blood of Pocahontas herself.

"You are an Indian?"

He shook his head, scorning to explain, dropped his rifle to the hollow of his arm, and, reaching for his belt where she saw the buckhorn handle of a hunting-knife, came toward her, but she did not flinch. Drawing a letter from the belt, he handed it to her. It was so worn and soiled that she took it daintily and saw on it her father's name. The boy waved his hand toward the house far up the path.

"He live here?"

"You wish to see him?"

The boy grunted assent, and with a shock of resentment the little lady started up the path with her head very high indeed. The boy slipped noiselessly after her, his face unmoved, but his eyes were darting right and left to the flowers, trees, and bushes, to every flitting, strange bird, the gray streak of a scampering squirrel, and what he could not see, his ears took in—the clanking chains of work-horses, the whir of a quail, the screech of a peacock, the songs of negroes from far-off fields.

On the porch sat a gentleman in powdered wig and knee-breeches, who, lifting his eye from a copy of The Spectator to give an order to a negro servant, saw the two coming and the first look of bewilderment on his fine face gave way to a tolerant smile. A straw cat or dog, a crippled chicken, a neighbor's child, or a pickaninny—all these his little daughter had brought in at one time or another for a home, and now she had a strange ward, indeed. He asked no question, for a purpose very decided and definite was plainly bringing the little lady on, and he would not have to question. Swiftly she ran up the steps, her mouth primly set, and handed him a letter.

"The messenger is the son of a king."

"A what?"

"The son of a king," she repeated gravely.

"Ah," said the gentleman, humoring her, "ask his highness to be seated."

His highness was looking from one to the other gravely and keenly. He did not quite understand, but he knew gentle fun was being poked at him, and he dropped sullenly on the edge of the porch and stared in front of him. The little girl saw that his moccasins were much worn and that in one was a hole with the edge blood-stained. And then she began to watch her father's face, which showed that the contents of the letter were astounding him. He rose quickly when he had finished and put out his hand to the stranger.

"I am glad to see you, my boy," he said with great kindness. "Barbara, this is a little kinsman of ours from Kentucky. He was the adopted son of an Indian chief, but by blood he is your own cousin. His name is Erskine Dale."

IV

The little girl rose startled, but her breeding was too fine for betrayal, and she went to him with hand outstretched. The boy took it as he had taken her father's limply and without rising. The father frowned and smiled—how could the lad have learned manners? And then he, too, saw the hole in the moccasin through which the bleeding had started again.

"You are hurt—you have walked a long way?"

The lad shrugged his shoulders carelessly.

"Three days—I had to shoot horse."

"Take him into the kitchen, Barbara, and tell Hannah to wash his foot and bandage it."

The boy looked uncomfortable and shook his head, but the little girl was smiling and she told him to come with such sweet imperiousness that he rose helplessly. Old Hannah's eyes made a bewildered start.

"You go back an' wait for yo' company, little Miss; I'll tend to him!"

And when the boy still protested, she flared up:

"Looky here, son, little Miss tell me to wash yo' foot, I'se gwinter do it, ef I got to tie you fust; now you keep still. Whar you come from?"

His answer was a somewhat haughty grunt that at once touched the quick instincts of the old negress and checked further question. Swiftly and silently she bound his foot, and with great respect she led him to a little room in one ell of the great house in which was a tub of warm water.

"Ole marster say you been travelin', an' mebbe you like to refresh yo'self wid a hot bath. Dar's some o' little marster's clothes on de bed dar, an' a pair o' his shoes, an' I know dey'll jus' fit you snug. You'll find all de folks on de front po'ch when you git through."

She closed the door. Once, Winter and Summer, the boy had daily plunged into the river with his Indian companions, but he had never had a bath in his life, and he did not know what the word meant; yet he had learned so much at the fort that he had no trouble making out what the tub of water was for. For the same reason he felt no surprise when he picked up the clothes; he was only puzzled how to get into them. He tried, and struggling with the breeches he threw one hand out to the wall to keep from falling and caught a red cord with a bushy red tassel; whereat there was a ringing that made him spring away from it. A moment later there was a knock at his door.

"Did you ring, suh?" asked a voice. What that meant he did not know, and he made no answer. The door was opened slightly and a woolly head appeared.

"Do you want anything, suh?"

"No."

Den I reckon hit was anudder bell—Yassuh."

The boy began putting on his own clothes.

Outside Colonel Dale and Barbara had strolled down the big path to the sun-dial, the colonel telling the story of the little Kentucky kinsman—the little girl listening and wide-eyed.

'Is he going to live here with us, papa?"

"Perhaps. You must be very nice to him. He has lived a rude, rough life, but I can see he is very sensitive."

At the bend of the river there was the flash of dripping oars and the song of the black oarsmen came across the yellow flood.

"There they come!" cried Barbara. And from his window the little Kentuckian saw the company coming up the path, brave with gay clothes and smiles and gallantries. The colonel walked with a grand lady at the head, behind were the belles and beaux, and bringing up the rear was Barbara, escorted by a youth of his own age, who carried his hat under his arm and bore himself as haughtily as his elders. No sooner did he see them mounting to the porch than there was the sound of a horn in the rear, and looking out of the window the lad saw a coach and four dash through the gate and swing around the road that encircled the great trees, and up to the rear portico, where there was a joyous clamor of greetings. Where did all those people come from? Were they going to stay there and would he have to be among them? All the men were dressed alike and not one was dressed like him. Panic assailed him, and once more he looked at the clothes on the bed, and then without hesitation walked through the hallway, and stopped on the threshold of the front door. A quaint figure he made there, and for the moment the gay talk and laughter quite ceased. The story of him already had been told, and already was sweeping from cabin to cabin to the farthest edge of the great plantation. Mrs. General Willoughby lifted her lorgnettes to study him curiously, the young ladies turned a battery of searching but friendly rays upon him, the young men regarded him with tolerance and repressed amusement, and Barbara, already his champion, turned her eyes from one to the other of them, but always seeing him. No son of Powhattan could have stood there with more dignity, and young Harry Dale's face broke into a smile of welcome. His father being indoors he went forward with hand outstretched.

"I am your cousin Harry," he said, and taking him by the arm he led him on the round of presentation.

"Mrs. Willoughby, may I present my cousin from Kentucky?"

"This is your cousin, Miss Katherine Dale; another cousin, Miss Mary; and this is your cousin Hugh."

And the young ladies greeted him with frank, eager interest, and the young gentlemen suddenly repressed patronizing smiles and gave him grave greeting, for if ever a rapier flashed from a human head, it flashed from the piercing eye of that little Kentucky backwoodsman when his cousin Hugh, with a rather whimsical smile, bowed with a politeness that was a trifle too elaborate. Mrs. Willoughby still kept her lorgnettes on him as he stood leaning against a pillar. She noted the smallness of his hands and feet, the lithe, perfect body, the clean cut of his face, and she breathed:

"He is a Dale—and blood does tell."

Nobody, not even she, gussed how the lad's heart was thumping with the effort to conceal his embarrassment, but when a tinge of color spread on each side of his set mouth and his eyes began to waver uncertainly, Mrs. Willoughby's intuition was quick and kind.

"Barbara," she asked, "have you shown your cousins your ponies?"

The little girl saw her motive and laughed merrily.

"Why, I haven't had time to show him anything. Come on, cousin."

The boy followed her down the steps in his noiseless moccasins, along a grass path between hedges of ancient box, around an ell, and past the kitchen and toward the stables. In and behind the kitchen negroes of all ages and both sexes were hurrying or lazing around, and each turned to stare wonderingly after the strange woodland figure of the little hunter. Negroes were coming in from the fields with horses and mules, negroes were chopping and carrying wood, there were negroes everywhere, and the lad had never seen one before, but he showed no surprise. At a gate the little girl called imperiously:

"Ephraim, bring out my ponies!"

And in a moment out came a sturdy little slave whose head was all black skin, black wool, and white teeth, leading two creamy-white little horses that shook the lad's composure at last, for he knew ponies as far back as he could remember, but he had never seen the like of them. His hand almost trembled when he ran it over their sleek coats, and unconsciously he dropped into his Indian speech and did not know it until the girl asked laughingly:

"Why, what are you saying to my ponies?"

And he blushed, for the little girl's artless prattling and friendliess were already beginning to make him quite human.

"That's Injun talk."

"Can you talk Indian—but, of course, you can."

"Better than English," he smiled. Hugh had followed them.

"Barbara, your mother wants you," he said, and the little girl turned toward the house. The stranger was ill at ease with Hugh and the latter knew it.

"It must be very exciting where you live."

"How?"

'Oh, fighting Indians and shooting deer and turkeys and buffalo. It must be great fun."

"Nobody does it for fun—it's mighty hard work."

"My uncle—your father—used to tell us about his wonderful adventures out there."

"He had no chance to tell me."

"But yours must have been more wonderful than his."

The boy gave the little grunt that was a survival of his Indian life and turned to go back to the house.

"But all this, I suppose, is as strange to you."

"More."

Hugh was polite and apparently sincere in interest, but the lad was vaguely disturbed and he quickened his step. The porch was empty when they turned the corner of the house, but young Harry Dale came running down the steps, his honest face alight, and caught the little Kentuckian by the arm.

"Get ready for supper, Hugh—come on, cousin," he said, and led the stranger to his room and pointed to the clothes on the bed.

"Don't they fit?" he asked smiling.

"I don't know—I don't know how to git into 'em."

Young Harry laughed joyously.

"Of course not. I wouldn't know how to put yours on either. You just wait," he cied, and disappeared to turn quickly with an armful of clothes.

"Take off your war-dress," he said, 'and I'll show you."

With heart warming to such kindness, and helpless against it, the lad obeyed like a child and was dressed like a child.

'Now, I've got to hurry," said Harry. "I'll come back for you. Just look at yourself," he called at the door.

And the stranger did look at the wonderful vision that a great mirror as tall as himself gave back. His eyes began to sting, and he rubbed them with the back of his hand and looked at the hand curiously. It was moist. He had seen tears in a woman's eyes, but he did not know that they could come to a man, and he felt ashamed.

V

The boy stood at a window looking out into the gathering dusk. His eye could catch the last red glow on the yellow river. Above that a purplish light rested on the green expanse stretching westward—stretching on and on through savage wilds to his own wilds beyond the lonely Cumberlands. Outside the window the multitude of flowers was drinking in the dew and drooping restfully to sleep. A multitude of strange birds called and twittered from the trees. The neighing of horses, the lowing of cattle, the piping of roosting turkeys and motherly clutter of roosting hens, the weird songs of negroes, the sounds of busy preparation through the house and from the kitchen—all were sounds of peace and plenty, security and service. And over in his own wilds at that hour they were driving cows and horses into the stockade. They were cooking their rude supper in the open. A man had gone to each of the watchtowers. From the blackening woods came the curdling cry of a panther and the hooting of owls. Away on over the still westward wilds were the wigwams of squaws, pappooses, braves, the red men—red in skin, in blood, in heart, and red with hate against the whites.

Perhaps they were circling a fire at that moment in a frenzied war-dance—perhaps the hooting at that moment from the woods around the fort was not the hooting of owls at all. There all was hardship—danger; here all was comfort and peace. If they could see him now! See his room, his fire, his bed, his clothes! They had told him to come, and yet he felt now the shame of desertion. He had come, but he would not stay long away. The door opened, he turned, and Harry Dale came eargerly in.

"Mother wants to see you."

The two boys paused in the hall and Harry pointed to a pair of crossed rapiers over the mantelpiece.

"Those were your father's," he said; "he was a wonderful fencer."

The lad shook his head in ignorance, and Harry smiled.

"I'll show you tomorrow."

At a door in the other ell Harry knocked gently, and a voice that was low and sweet but vibrant with imperiousness called:

"Come in!"

"Here he is, mother."

The lad stepped into warmth, subtle fragrance, and many candle lights. The great lady was just rising from a chair in front of her mirror, brocaded, powdered, and starred with jewels. So brilliant a vision almost stunned the little stranger and it took an effort for him to lift his eyes to hers.

"Why, this is not the lad you told me of," she said. "Come here! Both of you." They came and the lady scrutinized them comparingly.

"Actually you look alike—and, Harry, you have no advantage, even if you are my own son. I am glad you are here," she said with sudden soberness, and smiling tenderly she put both hands on his shoulders, drew him to her and kissed him, and again he felt in his eyes that curious sting.

"Come, Harry!" With a gallant bow Harry offered his left arm, and gathering the little Kentuckian with her left, the regal lady swept out. In the reception room she kept the boy by her side. Every man who approached bowed, and soon the lad was bowing too. The ladies courtesied, the room was soon filled, and amid the flash of smiles, laughter, and gay banter the lad was much bewildered, but his face showed it not at all. Barbara almost cried out her astonishment and pleasure when she saw what a handsome figure he made in his new clothing, and all her little friends were soon darting surreptitious glances at him, and many whispered questions and pleasing comments were passed around. From under Hugh's feet the ground for the moment was quite taken away, so much to the eye, at least, do clothes make the man. Just then General Willoughby bowed with noble dignity before Mrs. Dale, and the two led the way to the dining room.

"Harry," she said, "you and Barbara take care of your cousin."

And almost without knowing it the young Kentuckian bowed to Barbara, who courtesied and took his arm. But for his own dignity and hers, she would have liked to squeal her delight. The table flashed with silver and crystal on snowy-white damask and was brilliant with colored candles. The little woodsman saw the men draw back chairs for the ladies, and he drew back Barbara's before Hugh; on the other side of her, could forestall him. On his left was Harry, and Harry watched keenly—but no more keenly than Hugh watched him. Every now and then he would catch a pair of interested eyes looking furtively at him, and he knew his story was going the round of the table among those who were not guests in the house. The boy had never seen so many and so mysterious-looking things to eat and drink. One glass of wine he took, and the quick dizziness that assailed him frightened him and he did not touch it again. Beyond Barbara, Hugh leaned forward and lifted his glass to him. He shook his head and Hugh flushed.

'Our Kentucky cousin is not very polite—he is something of a Barbarian—naturally."

"He doesn't understand," said Barbara quickly, who had noted the incident, and she turned to her cousin.

"Papa says you are going to live with us and you are going to study with Harry under Mr. Brockton."

"Our tutor," explained Harry, "there he is across there. He is an Englishman."

'Tutor?" questioned the boy.

"School teacher," laughed Harry.

"Oh!"

'Haven't you any school teachers at home?"

"No, I learned to read and write a little from Dave and Lyddy."

And then he had to tell who they were, and he went on to tell them about Mother Sanders and Honor and Bud and Jack and Polly Conrad and Lydia and Dave, and all the frontier folk, and the life they led, and the Indian fights which thrilled Barbara and Harry, and forced even Hugh to listen—though once he laughed incredulously, and in a way that of a sudden shut the boy's lips tight and made Barbara color and Harry look grave. Hugh then turned to his wine and began soon to look more flushed and sulky. Shortly after the ladies left, Hugh followed them, and Harry and the Kentuckian moved toward the head of the table where the men gathered around Colonel Dale.

"Yes," said General Willoughby, "it looks as though it might come."

"With due deference to Mr. Brockton," said Colonel Dale, "it looks as though his country would soon force us to some action."

They were talking about impending war. Far away as his wilds were, the boy had heard some talk of war in them, and he listened greedily to the quick fire of question and argument to the Englishman, who held his own with such sturdiness that Colonel Dale, fearing the heat might become too great, laughed and skilfully shifted the theme. Through hall and door ways came now merry sounds of fiddle and banjo.

"Come on, cousin, said Harry, "can you dance?"

"If your dances are as different as everything else, I reckon not, but I can try."

"Near the doorway between parlor and hall sat the fiddlers three. Gallant bows and dainty courtesyings and nimble feet were tripping measures quite new to the backwoodsman. Barbara nodded, smiled, and after the dance ran up to ask him to take part, but he shook his head. Hugh had looked at him as from a superior height, and the boy noticed him frowning while Barbara was challenging him to dance. The next dance was even more of a mystery, for the dancers glided by in couples. Mr. Byron's diatribe not having prevented the importation of the waltz to the new world, but the next cleared his face and set his feet to keeping time, for the square dance had, of course, reached the wilds.

"I know that," he said to Harry, who told Barbara, and the little girl went up to him again, and this time, flushing, he took place with her on the floor. Hugh came up.

"Cousin Barbara, this is our dance, I believe," he said a little thickly.

The girl took him aside and Hugh went surlily away. Harry saw the incident and he looked after Hugh frowning. The backwoodsman conducted himself very well. He was lithe and graceful and at first very dignified, but as he grew in confidence he began to execute steps that were new to the polite land and rather boisterous, but Barbara looked pleased and all onlookers seemed greatly amused—all except Hugh. And when the old fiddler sang out sonorously:

"Gentleman to right—cheat an' swing!" the boy cheated outrageously, cheated all but his little partner, to whom each time he turned with open loyalty, and Hugh was openly sneering now and genuinely angry.

"You shall have the last dance," whispered Barbara, "the Virginia reel."

"I know that dance," said the boy.

And when that dance came and the dancers were drawn in two lines, the boy who was third from the end heard Harry's low voice behind him:

"He is my cousin and my guest and you will answer to me."

The lad wheeled, saw Harry with Hugh, left his place, and went to them. He spoke to Harry, but he looked at Hugh with a sword-flash in each black eye:

"I don't want nobody to take up for me."

Again he wheeled and was in his place, but Barbara saw and looked troubled, and so did Colonel Dale. He went over to the two boys and put his arm around Hugh's shoulder.

"Tut, tut, my boys," he said, with pleasant firmness, and led Hugh away, and when General Willoughby would have followed, the colonel nodded him back with a smile, and Hugh was seen no more that night. The guests left with gayety, smiles, and laughter, and every one gave the stranger a kindly good-by. Again Harry went with him to his room and the lad stopped again under the crossed swords.

"You fight with 'em?"

"Yes, and with pistols."

"I've never had a pistol. I want to learn how to use them."

Harry looked at him searchingly, but the boy's face gave hint of no more purpose than when he first asked the same question.

"All right," said Harry.

The lad blew out his candle, but he went to his window instead of his bed. The moonlight was brilliant among the trees and on the sleeping flowers and the slow run of the broad river, and it was very still out there and very lovely, but he had no wish to be out there. With wind and storm and sun, moon and stars, he had lived face to face all his life, but here they were not the same. Trees, flowers, house, people had reared some wall betwen him and them, and they seemed now to be very far away. Everybody had been kind to him—all but Hugh. Veiled hostility he had never known before and he could not understand. Everybody had surely been kind, and yet—he turned to his bed, and all night his brain was flashing to and fro between the reel of vivid pictures etched on it in a day and the grim background that had hitherto been his life beyond the hills.

VI

From pioneer habits he awoke before dawn, and for a moment the softness where he lay puzzled him. There was no sound of anybody stirring and he thought he must have waked up in the middle of the night, but he could smell the dawn and he started to spring up. But there was nothing to be done, nothing that he could do. He felt hot and stuffy, though Harry had put up his windows, and he could not lie there wide awake. He could not go out in the heavy dew in the gay clothes and fragile shoes he had taken off, so he slid into his own buckskin clothes and moccasins and out the still open front door and down the path toward the river. Instinctively he had picked up his rifle, bullet-pouch, and powder-horn. Up the river to the right he could faintly see dark woods and he made toward and plunged into them with his eyes on the ground for signs of game, but he saw tracks only of coon and skunk and fox, and he grunted his disgust and loped ahead for half an hour farther into the heart of the woods. An hour later he loped back on his own tracks. The cabins were awake now, and every pickaninny who saw him showed the whites of his eyes in terror and fled back into his house. He came noiselessly behind a negro woman at the kitchen-door and threw three squirrels on the steps before her. She turned, saw him, and gave a shriek, but recovered herself and picked them up. Her amazement grew as she looked them over, for there was no sign of a bullet-wound, and she went in to tell how the Injun boy must naturally just "charm 'em right out o' de trees."

At the front door Harry hailed him and Barbara came running out.

"I forgot to get you another suit of clothes last night," he said, "and we were scared this morning. We thought you had left us, and Barbara there nearly cried." Barbara blushed now and did not deny.

"Come to breakfast!" she cried.

"Did you find anything to shoot?" Harry asked.

"Nothin' but some squirrels," said the lad.

Colonel Dale soon came in.

"You've got the servants mystified," he said laughingly. "They think you're a witch. How did you kill those squirrels?"

"I couldn't see their heads—so I barked 'em."

"Barked?"

"I shot between the bark and the limb right under the squirrel, an' the shock kills 'em. Uncle Dan'l Boone showed me how to do that."

"Daniel Boone!" breathed Harry. "Do you know Daniel Boone?"

"Shucks, Dave can beat him shootin'."

And then Hugh came in, pale of face and looking rather ashamed. He went straight up to the Kentuckian.

"I was rude to you last night and I owe you an apology."

He thrust out his hand and awkwardly the boy rose and took it.

"And you'll forgive me, too, Barbara?"

"Of course I will," she said happily, but holding up one finger of warning—should he ever do it again. The rest of the guests trooped in now and some were going out on horseback, some for a sail, and some visiting up the river in a barge, and all were paired off, even Harry.

"I'm going to drive Cousin Erskine over the place with my ponies," said Barbara, "and——"

"I'm going back to bed," interrupted Hugh, "or read a little Latin and Greek with Mr. Brockton." There was impudence as well as humor in this, for the tutor had given up Hugh in despair long ago.

Barbara shook her head.

"You are going with us," she said.

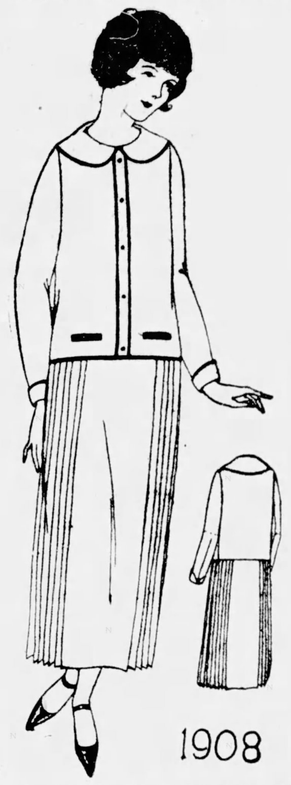
"I want Hugh to ride with me," said Colonel Dale, "and give Firefly a little exercise. Nobody else can ride him."

To Be Continued

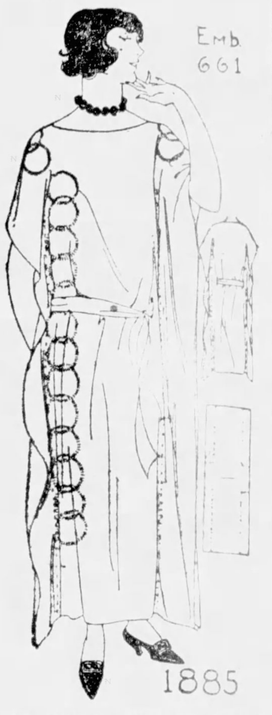
The name "pekoe" of orange pekoe tea is derived from the Chinese words "Pah ho," which mean "white hairs" and refers to the small white pieces in this tea which look like stems but are the finest part of the leaf.

FASHIONS BY MARTHA HOLDEN

TWO very late styles in the assortment below are No. 1908 and No. 1907. The frock is just right for the modish miss, especially if she is going to school. It is also appropriate for the girl in business to wear in the office. Kasha cloth or jersey are good materials for it and you can wear different collar and cuff sets. The blouse model exploits the popular jabot. The hip band is snug fitting.



No. 1908—Jaunty Frock—The pattern is cut for girls 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. To make the dress in the 16-year size, 3¾ yards of 40-inch material is required.



No. 1885—One-Piece Dress—Isn't it attractive? And the really nice thing about it is, that it can be made so quickly and with no trouble at all—for, as the diagram shows, the dress is cut all in one piece. You can order the pattern in sizes small, medium and large, and for the medium size, 3 yards of material 36 inches or wider is required.

No. 1897—Slenderizing Model—Full length or shorter sleeves may be used on this model, the lines of which lend apparent slenderness to the woman of larger figure. The pattern can be had in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. The neck is cut to the waistline to carry out the long-line effect. For the 36-inch size, this dress takes 3⅞ yards of material 40 inches wide with 12¾ yards of braid.

No. 1890—Play Rompers—Cut from flannel, wool challis, poplin or any cotton material are these comfy little raglan-sleeved rompers for tots, 1, 2 and 4 years. A gay binding adds a decorative note that is certain to meet with a young hopeful's fancy. In the 4-year size, 1⅝ yards of 36-inch material is required.

No. 1886—Morning Dress—Here's a frock made of cretonne and unbleached muslin that would send everyone off for the day's activities in just the best of spirits, and designed with thought as to the housewife's comfort, too. It's easily made, easy to slip into, and loose and comfortable enough to work in. The pattern can be had in sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. The 36-inch size requires 2 yards of 36-inch material with 5 yards 36-inch contrasting.

No. 1907—Smart Blouse—This pattern cuts in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure and requires for the 36-inch size only 1½ yards of 40-inch material with ¾ yard 10-inch, or wider, contrasting for band and cuffs.

The Blade will supply its readers with patterns of the above designs at the rate of 15 cents for each pattern. These patterns are stylish and perfect fitting. All seams allowed. Full directions for making. In ordering give number, size, age, etc.

MARTHA HOLDEN BOOK OF FASHIONS issued quarterly, 10c a copy. Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

Bootlegger Loses Suit to Collect

New York state supreme courts will not give aid to bootleggers whose patrons fail to pay for wares illegally delivered to them. Supreme Court Justice Irving R. Devendorf has so ruled.

Justice Devendorf dismissed a suit brought by Lynn Maynard, Philadelphia farmer, who admitted delivering a $1,600 load of gin to four liquor runners and charged they drove off when he demanded payment for the cargo.

ASPIRIN

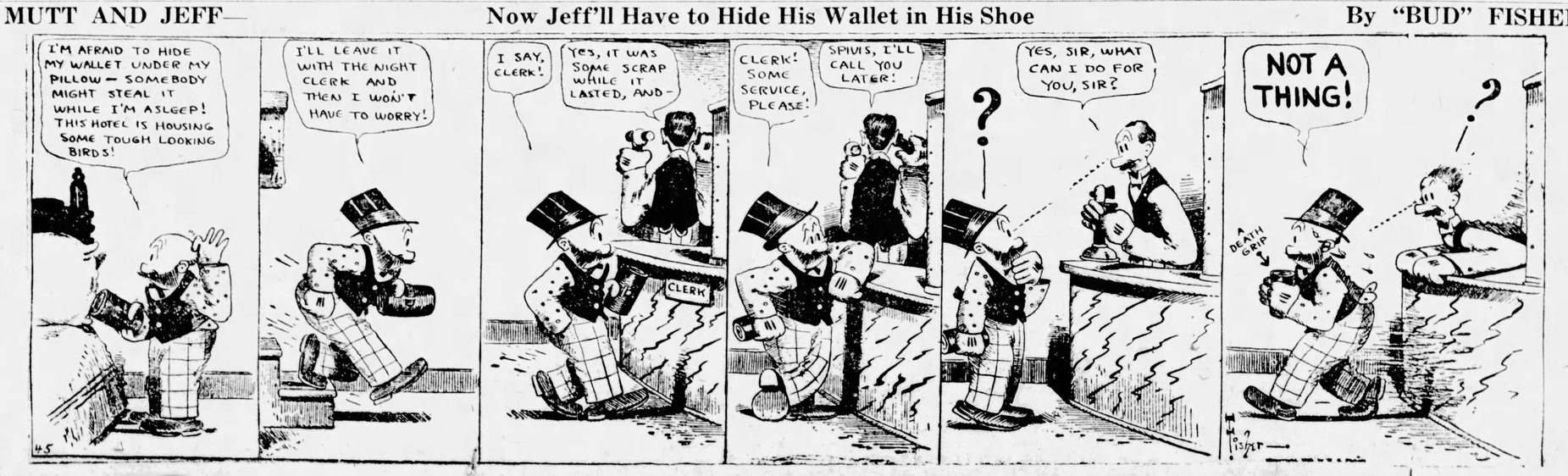
Say "Bayer" and Insist!

BAYER

Genuine

Genuine "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" have been proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians over twenty-three years. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid.

MUTT AND JEFF— Now Jeff'll Have to Hide His Wallet in His Shoe — By "BUD" FISHER


I'M AFRAID TO HIDE MY WALLET UNDER MY PILLOW — SOMEBODY MIGHT STEAL IT WHILE I'M ASLEEP! THIS HOTEL IS HOUSING SOME TOUGH LOOKING BIRDS!
I'LL LEAVE IT WITH THE NIGHT CLERK AND THEN I WON'T HAVE TO WORRY!
I SAY, CLERK!
YES, IT WAS SOME SCRAP WHILE IT LASTED, AND—
CLERK
CLERK! SOME SERVICE, PLEASE!
SPIVIS, I'LL CALL YOU LATER!
?
YES, SIR, WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU, SIR?
NOT A THING!
?
A DEATH GRIP

Child-birth

HOW thousands of women, by the simple method of an eminent physician, have avoided unnecessary miseries through many months and up to the moment Baby has arrived, is fully explained in the remarkable book "Motherhood and the Baby." Tells also what to do before and after baby comes, probable date of birth, baby rules, etc., and about "Mother's Friend," used by three generations of mothers, and sold in all drug stores everywhere. "Mother's Friend" is applied externally, is safe, free from narcotics, permits easier natural readjustment of muscles and nerves during expectancy and childbirth. Start using it today. Mrs. E. Kerger, Slayton, Minn., says: "It pulled me through." Send for book today, to Bradfield Regulator Co., BA-76, Atlanta, Ga. "Mother's Friend" is sold at all drug stores.

ENFORCEMENT OF LAW URGED

Senator Pepper Expects Thirst of Nation to Die in 10 Years.

Senator George Wharton Pepper of Pennsylvania told the Women's Roosevelt Republican club of Illinois that prohibition enforcement is perhaps, at the moment, the greatest national question, but that it is not likely to be a party issue.

Speaking on a variety of subjects that are expected to come before the senate this Winter, Senator Pepper said that the cleavage between those who earnestly desire the success of our great national experiment and those who are thirsting for its failure is as marked in one party as in the other.

"It is the manifest duty of all executive officers of state and nation to use all the resources at their command to make the law a reality and not a sham," said the Pennsylvania senator. "It is likewise the plain duty of senators and other public men to reinforce the executive arm by official act and personal example.

Predicts New Sentiment.

"This is a matter of course. I have heard a lot of talk about amending the Volstead act, but I have never seen a concrete proposal on that subject which seemed to me either socially wise or constitutionally sound. I have enough confidence in the judgment and self control of our people to believe that in 10 years' time those who now break the law will either have changed their point of view, died or become unpopular.

"Meanwhile it, of course, is to be expected that the party out of power in state or nation will taunt the party in power with laxity or worse; and that state officers will blame poor enforcement deficiencies upon the nation and that the nation will expatriate upon the states."

Touching on the proposal to make progress instead of the supreme court the judge of whether a statute conforms to the constitution, Senator Pepper said the constitution was the body of good resolutions for national living, solemnly adopted by the fathers.

Opposed to Plan.

"If congress, now so responsive to popular sentiment," he added, "is to be permitted to decide what our good resolutions mean and whether or not they shall be applied in particular cases, how long, think you, will the good resolutions stand? Would it, or would it not be like authorizing a very thirsty man to interpret the Volstead act for himself?"

Women's organizations will press a list of constitutional amendments, Senator Pepper said.

"The tendency of some women," he went on, "seems to be to embroider into the constitution whatever at the moment most concerns them. If we are going to treat our constitution as if it were a piece of needle-point, let us be sure that our design is good and our colors well fixed. Otherwise it may be necessary hereafter to rip out our work."

JUNGLE KINGS TO RULE DOMAIN

Visitors Will See Animals in Native Life Only 12 Miles From Chicago.

The physical and psychological atmosphere of their native jungle freedom, with woods, mountains and streams unchecked by metal bars or other evidences of restraint, are to be the surroundings of the wild animals dwelling in the Chicago zoological park colony.

About 200 acres have been acquired 12 miles West of Chicago's loop, and will be transformed into a land "conducive to happiness and longer life to animals" through the installation of the barless type of zoo.

Experts Give Advice.

Zoo specialists, architects and animal authorities from all over the world were called here to pass upon the tract, and the model ultimately accepted, avoids the faults experienced in the construction of other large zoos. George F. Morse, for many years head of the Boston zoo, will direct the Chicago plan.

Dens will be provided for the lions in which they will be able to move about at will, with no bars, the public being protected by concealed moats beyond which the animal cannot go. Goats and other climbing animals will be in enclosures where there will be crags and rocks and various other natural fixtures that will permit them to exercise their natural instincts.

Animals Offered Freedom.

The psychological effect of displaying wild animals apparently unconfined is said to be of great value not only to the public, but to the animals themselves. The prison atmosphere is removed, and the animals enjoy a degree of freedom which is conducive to happiness and longer life.

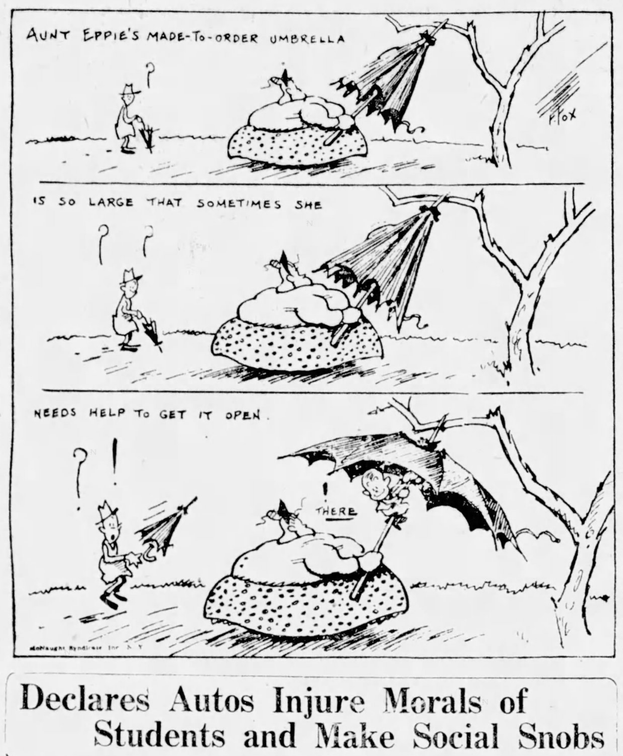
The construction methods employed to prevent the animals from escaping are novel. The sides and back of the various parks will be of some inaccessible rock formation, while the front will have a wide, deep moat of water with smooth retaining walls which will give the animals no foothold, even if he should swim the moat.

Medical Aid for All Is Physician's Wish

Medical aid of the same sort for every man regardless of his economic status, will be the next forward step of the medical profession in the United States, Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur, president of the American Medical association and of Leland Stanford university of California, told doctors at the tri-state medical association convention in an address in Des Moines, Ia.

"If doctors could apply all they know to all the people, not only would life be prolonged and human happiness increased, but the whole aspect and order of life would be altered," he declared.

Aunt Eppie Hogg



Declares Autos Injure Morals of Students and Make Social Snobs

Like politics and religion automobiles and education don't seem to mix.

At least this is the conclusion at which authorities and educators of the Middle West have arrived.

The question of motor cars in colleges is similar to that of the automobile in every other stratum of society—it's increasing the speed of living.

It is making a transition of an old order to the new—with enough advocates of the old to present all the menaces of today's progress.

Chief of Police John B. Hammond, Des Moines, has directed an attack on the practice of parents permitting their children to use automobiles in going to and from high school. He says it is creating a situation, not only in Des Moines, but throughout the country, with the following results:

Destruction of school democracy and creation of an aristocracy.

Breaking down of morals of both boys and girls.

Depriving students of necessary physical exercise.

Hits Moral Standard.

The moral angle is the worst, he says.

"Girls are induced to go joy riding with boy students. These experiences do not lead to the doors of happy American homes—but to the doors of shame, misery, disappointment and the divorce court.

"Already we have witnessed certain shameful high-school scandals in our own and other cities which justify and corroborate these statements."

Hammond asserted that the divorce courts are crowded with young people seeking separation from marriage.

Intellectuals Crave Divorces.

"These are not confined to the ignorant," he continued. "The educated are, in fact, predominating. The basis of these separations is immorality. In many cases coming to my personal attention I have discovered that the immorality which caused the unhappy ending of an American home was contracted in the school age and in nearly all instances through the agency of the automobile."

Hammond holds that athletics furnish physical exercise to a comparatively few in the schools. He believes in the old method of going to school—walking, running, jumping and the other "capers on the road" which spell development and health.

"Democracy of the school was supreme until the automobile came," Hammond said. "This innovation has created an undesirable and dangerous division of our schools into classes—Plebeians and aristocrats."

From Columbia, Mo., comes the statement of Dr. Stratton D. Brooks, president of the University of Missouri, that "there is probably no one thing more detrimental to success in university work than the possession of an automobile by a student.

"Experience shows," he said, "that an unsually large proportion of students having automobiles fail to graduate."

Luxury Craze Prompts Theft.

Educators are pointing to an unusual case in the military academy, Mexico, Mo., where a student who drove a handsome automobile was arrested and confessed to robbing a bank in Kansas City, Kans.

Another view of the situation is taken by the officials at Iowa State college at Ames. It was asked whether young men who own automobiles should be permitted to go to college.

An Ames newspaper said:

"The problem differs in different colleges. Some have forbidden their students to keep cars. These are mainly institutions in small towns, where the students live as well as study, and where the possession of automobiles by those who can afford it makes unpleasant class distinctions and disorganizes the college life and work.

"Others permit students coming from a distance to drive back and forth by special dispensations.

"On the whole, it looks more like a question of good taste and personal character than anything else. Eventually every American of responsible age may possess an automobile of his own. Who then can forbid their use?"

Bus Line Queen of 23 Years Fights Railroads With Millions Behind Them

Facing six railroads, a few chambers of commerce and some farmers' organizations, all of whom have sworn to put her "Red Hall Transportation Co." out of business, Miss Helen Schultz, the bus line queen of the Middle West, is in the battle of her life.

Alone — one small, wavy-haired girl of 23, against corporations representing millions of dollars—Miss Schultz scoffed the idea that the railroads would "get her."

"I like a fight when the odds aren't too great against me," she said.

And Miss Schultz implied that six railroads, including mere lines like the Chicago & Northwestern, Chicago Great Northern and the Rock Island & Pacific, didn't constitute sufficient odds to occasion fear.

Railroads Open Fight.

The move against Miss Schultz has been taken before the Iowa railroad commission, the legal powers of the rich railway lines being opened a campaign to prove the Red Ball transportation line not essential to public service.

The Red Ball, it seems, has been making serious inroads on the business of the steam lines, with its fleet of 15 motor buses, which cover about 2,000 miles of state roads every day.

The railroads would have the railroad commission deny the Red Ball a certificate to operate, the board having such powers under a recently enacted state statute regulating public motor conveyances.

The "bus line queen" was working as a clerk in an Iowa railroad office a few years ago. She learned the rudiments of transportation, and later, in California, she became interested in the operation of bus lines.

On inheriting an estate, Miss Schultz purchased a motor bus. The initial effort was a success. Driving the motor stage-coach herself, business grew rapidly, and the popularity of the line made necessary the purchase of another bus.

Line Worth $125,000.

The line grew rapidly until now it is said to comprise equipment valued at $125,000, covering the entire section of the state adjacent to Mason City. Three competing bus lines which started operation in the last year have been forced out of business by Miss Schultz's company.

Aside from the fight with the railroads, Miss Schultz recently was successful in damage suits against the former mayor of Cedar Falls, and the town marshal.

A jury upheld her charges that she was illegally arrested and imprisoned in Cedar Falls. She was awarded $750 damages from each of the defendants.

Last June, when her quick rise to the bus-line throne was beginning, she was operating one of her own buses through Cedar Falls.

Clashes With Town Marshal.

The town marshal arrested Miss Schultz, charging her with insulting the Mayor—calling him an "old fool"—and operating a bus without a license. The officials insisted she attacked the marshal with a handbag.

This, with other clashes with local authorities, was among the instances of the rise of the Red Ball transportation company to the position of the largest of its kind in the state and among the most extensive in the Middle-West.

"Fatty" Arbuckle Sued for Divorce

Roscoe "Fatty" Arbuckle, former king of movie comedians, is in trouble again.

This time his wife, Mrs. Minta Durfee Arbuckle, has filed a suit for divorce in the superior court at Providence, charging neglect and desertion. The petition was filed by Francis P. Dougherty, attorney for Mrs. Arbuckle, and alleges that Arbuckle deserted her in September, 1917, and since that time has failed to support her.

Arbuckle has been appearing in vaudeville. He was in Providence when the suit was filed. The Arbuckles were married at Long Beach, Calif., Aug. 5, 1908.

Arbuckle's troubles started following the death of Virginia Rappe, at a party given by Arbuckle in San Francisco on Labor day, 1921. Mrs. Arbuckle went to his aid when he was placed on trial for murder.

Making Tough Meat Tender Spoils Taste

Use of papaya leaves or a powder from the dried fruit of the pawpaw to make tough meat tender as is done in southern climates, is not considered desirable by the department of agriculture. The bureau of home economics has conducted a series of experiments in that line. Leaves crushed and wrapped around meat made it more tender but gave it a decided taste of the green and bitter juice of the leaves.

A solution of the powder applied to cuts of meat gave it a bitter taste, deprived it of its natural meat flavor and caused it to be dry. Leaves grown in the botanical gardens in Washington and others brought from Miami, Fla., were used. They acted the same. Both the leaves and the powder contain an enzyme which digests protein.

BOHLEN FEASTS AS POOR STARVE

Member of Krupp House Is Unconcerned About Tragic Turn.

Dr. Krupp von Bohlen's release on parole has already resulted in progress toward the Krupp works resuming business as before, but an agreement has not yet been signed.

It has been formally drawn up and the Krupp directors are very likely to affix their signatures after the return of Hugo Stinnes, who may find it dangerous to hold out much longer. The protocol closely resembles the one which Otto Wolf recently ratified.

Herr Stinnes, whose agreement is essential for the resumption of work, on account of his control of the coal mines, has already offered to meet half of the French requirements for negotiation, but Krupp is expected to agree before Stinnes.

Frau Bertha Krupp, who saw the tendency toward communism produced by throwing men out of work and paying them only enough to buy a loaf of bread and a piece of sausage daily, persuaded her husband to come to terms, which he did in principle before he was released on parole.

Banquets During Riots.

While some of his workers were threatening to penetrate the company's offices, Krupp von Bohlen was in his villa with his wife, well out of danger.

While the unemployed were demonstrating by breaking a dozen plate glass windows in Dusseldorf shops, firing a few revolver shots and otherwise creating excitement, Hugo Stinnes was comfortably installed in a hotel nearby. There in the evening, well after curfew hour, he and the directors of the mine owners' syndicate were enjoying a banquet, while a private orchestra played soothing music.

The Industrialists and the Berlin government have carried their anarchy bluff almost as far as they dare and have not yet succeeded in forcing the French to fire upon the workers. Fortunately, no one is starving in the Ruhr and the lawless outbursts have been of short duration. But given further impetus by the intentional curtailment of the unemployment dole, the anger against the Industrialists may be increased to proportions of serious menace to their property.

Railways Are Repaired.

There are some favorable signs of better days to come. Throughout the Ruhr German railway workers reengaged by the French are putting the lines in order, repairing signals, crossing gates, switches and roadbeds. In one week the efficiency of the lines has been doubled. It has been said that the French re-employed only those who wanted their posts back, but the French managers say the Germans used four times more men than were necessary. The Germans employ three times as much personnel for telephone exchange as the French.

German telegraph and postoffice officials and employes can now be seen working side by side with French signal corps men. In the main and industrial regions there is still the smell of gas from relighted coke ovens and smoke is rising from the tall chimneys.

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SEES BUSINESS AS PEACE ALLY

Julius H. Barnes Predicts Early Answer to World's Foremost Problems.

Julius H. Barnes, New York, president of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, at a board of trade dinner in Louisville, Ky., asserted that "events in Europe are shaping for the probable final clearing of questions which have so perplexed the world," basing his statement largely upon the progress made in the appointment of an expert committee to examine Germany's capacity to settle its reparations obligations.

"America has lived so long," he said, "under the shadow of successive hopes and their successive defeat, that our people do not yet fully realize the significance of the agreement of this last few days by which all the forces in the world, including the hitherto withheld influence of America itself will now gather in conference for the solution of these problems, that really are not unsolvable.

"Secretary Hughes has stated," Mr. Barnes said, "that the first and primary step in world rehabilitation must be the determination by able men, experienced in economics, of the full measure of restitution which a guilty Germany must bear, and the method in which that restitution can be translated into resources which will most quickly repair the injury of those nations which suffered under Germany's assault.

"When one now finds the nations of the world agreeing that the first step to ultimate recovery lies in the determination by business judgment of the major questions of Germany's full capacity to pay ,and how—then at this point the Chamber of Commerce of the United States can recall with mingled feelings of pride and of regret that it, itself, almost a year ago, barely failed to gain the acceptance of this same method of settlement, and was prevented largely by political considerations which, 10 months later, are now asserted by the governments of the world.

"One may not honestly hold that business judgment is inevitably superior to political judgment, nor that even economic questions can be solved without regard to their political complexion, but it is a matter of pride to business organizations of the world that they had seen into the hearts of these problems which have held back the restoration of the world, and had a plan, which if accepted by political authority at that time, would have advanced their solution by a full year—and a year fraught with most momentous hazards," the speaker said.

A new committee, representing all classes of women has been established in Holland to mobilize public opinion in favor of universal peace.

The Latest Markets

One-fourth of one per cent caused havoc in the camp of New York Stock exchange bears last week. The declaration of an extra dividend of this amount, or a 25c a share on the common stock of the United States Steel corporation, together with a report of $47,000,000 earned during the third quarter of this year, proved the stimulus needed some time since, to lift the stock market from the rut which had become only too well worn since early in September.

A development of almost equal importance, or at least so taken by the speculative fraternity, was the matter of fact statement of Mr. Jesse L. Livermore that he could not agree with the pessimists of Wall street as to the status of this country's general run of business. Livermore had recently returned from Europe and doubtless the contrast proved striking.

These two major factors caused more attention to be paid to the ordinary run of news, such as improving steel business, revival of building activity, expansion at certain steel plants, large orders for equipment, etc. The 'street' until Wednesday had shown great ability in ignoring such constructive news. From that time on traders became adept at interpreting it differently. Steels led the way in the market advance, then hesitated while other groups, including the rails, were brought to the fore and late Friday afternoon again took up the burden of leadership just as professionals and the public thought a week-end reaction was in order. Three successive million share days testified to the magnitude of trading and the revival of speculative confidence in a rising market.

Buoyancy of stocks imparted cheer to those who consider the market a barometer of trade. The optimists wondered if the recession in business were not more fictitious than real an recalled that but one-third of the gain in average prices during the bull market popularly supposed to have ended in March, 1923, had been cancelled throughout the Spring, Summer and early Fall trading in stocks. Might not the decline prove but a recession in the general upward movement started in 1921? Had the steel corporation ever taken unexpected favorable dividend action when stock prices already were six months along in a major downward movement? Could the railroads find enough revenue freight to fill a million cars during each of 18 weeks if depression were upon us? Such questions as these were put in brokers' offices.

Outstanding leaders in the advance included Baldwin Locomotive, American Can, United States Steel and Studebaker. Chesapeake & Ohio led the rail issues. Average prices of 20 representative industrials and 20 rails closed $2.90 and $2.30 above the respective levels one week before. Failure of profit taking to appear in volume Friday at the customary time for such trading was significant in that it showed large operators were not willing price levels should suffer just yet through early cashing of paper profits.

Conservative market observers will not commit themselves as to the immediate course of prices but look for higher levels to be reached before the end of the year. Whether the pace will be swift or whether prices will work higher slowly following the sensational movements of the week is an open question. That the move was not merely a short covering rally in a prolonged downward swing of prices is generally admitted

Reverting to business outlook and the stock market, John Moody says:

"A reduction of about a quarter of a point in commercial paper discounts was the feature of last week's developments. This decline has occurred so promptly as to amount to an additional forecast of cheap money next year.

"The copper metal is behaving in such a manner as to suggest a real bull movement in the stocks beginning some time next year. This metal has shown a strikingly regular cyclic movement ever since 1854, and the shares have responded Thus it looks worth while to begin studying the coppers."

Grain

Toledo—Wheat, cash, $1.14@1.15. Corn, cash, 96@97c. Oats, cash, 47@48c. Barley cash, 75c. Rye, No. 2, cash, 70c. Clover seed, cash, $13.95; Nov. $13.85; Dec., $10.45, March, $13.75. Alsike, cash, $10.00; Nov., 10.00; Dec., $10.00; March, $10.20. Timothy, cash,, $3.85; Nov., $3.85; Dec., $3.90; March, $4.00.

Chicago — Wheat, Dec., $1.07⅝; May, $1.12¼; July, $1.07⅞. Corn, Dec., 74⅛c; May, 73⅛c; July, 73¼c. Oats, Dec., 41⅝c; May, 44c. Rye, Dec., 70c; May, 74½c.

Produce

Butter — Fancy creamery, 1-lb. prints, 54c; solid pack, 53c; nut margarine, 26@26½c.

Cheese — Fancy brick, 29½@30c; Michigan, 29@30c; Vermont, 35c; Longhorn, 31@32c.

Eggs—Candled, 47c; selects, 57c.

Bacon — Fat, 15½c; lean, 25c; wide, 6 to 8 lbs., 21½c; 9 to 10 lbs., 20½c; 11 to 12 lbs., 17½c; 13 to 15 lbs, 15½c. Hams—20c. Lard—16c.

Live Poultry — Ducks, 20@22c; geese, 18@20c; turkeys, 30@35c; hens, 20@22c; light hens, 12@14c; Leghorn broilers, 15@17c; broilers, 18@20c; stags, 13@15c.

Hides—No. 1, 6c; No. 2, 5c; bull, 4c; green calf, No. 1, 12c; No. 2, 10½c; kip, 10c; No. 2 kip, 8½; cured hides, No. 1, 7c; No. 2, 6c; horse hides, $3.00.

Cleveland—Butter — Extra in tub lots, 55@57c; extra firsts, 54@56c; firsts, 53@55c; prints, 1c a pound extra. Eggs—Fresh gathered northern extra, 56c; extra firsts, 53c; Ohio firsts, 50c; western first, 48c. Oleomargarine—Price to retailers: Nut, 22@23c; high grade, made of animal oil, 26@26½c; lower grades, 18@19c. Cheese—Old York state, 28@29c; brick, 28½@29c; fancy Swiss, 41@43c; limburger, 28@30c. Poultry — Heavy fowls, 22@24c; cocks, 14@15c; springers, 22@23c; light 17@18c; heavy white ducks, 22@24c; colored and lightweight, 20@22c; Leghorn fowls, 14@15c; turkeys, 38@40c. Sweet potatoes—Virginia, $3.40@3.60 a barrel; Maryland, $1.35@1.50 a hamper; New Jersey Nancy Halls, $1.90 a hamper; $3.50@3.60 a barrel; Porto Rico, $1.40@1.50 a hamper. Potatoes—Michigan round whites, $1.55@1.90 a 150-pound sack; New York, $2.50@2.65 a 150-pound sack; Early Ohios, $1.15@1.20 a 120-pound sack; New York, $2.60@2.65 a 150-pound sack; Petoskeys, $1.90@2.00 a 150-pound sack.

Chicago — Poultry, alive, lower; fowls, 13@18½c; Springs, 18c; roosters, 13½c; geese, 20c; turkeys, 35c. Potatoes slightly stronger on good white stock; about steady on Early Ohios; receipts, 109 cars; Wisconsin sacked and bulk round whites, U. S. No. 1, $1.00@1.15 cwt.; poorly graded sacked and bulk, 80@90c cwt.; Minnesota and North Dakota sacked round whites No. 1 and partly graded, 90c@$1.10 cwt.; sacked Red River Ohios, 95c@$1.00 cwt.; bulk, 75@85c cwt.; South Dakota sacked Early Ohios, 85@90c cwt.; bulk round whites, 90c@$1.05 cwt.

New York—Butter steady; receipts, 9,520. Eggs, firm; receipts, 9,235. Nearby hennery browns, extras 65@70c. Cheese, steady; receipts, 98,964 pounds.

Live Stock

Cleveland—Cattle —Receipts, 300; steady; choice dry fed yearlings, $9.00@10.00; fair to good, $7.50@8.50; choice handyweight butcher steers, $7.50@8.50; fair to good butchers, $6.00@7.00; choice heavy dry feds, $8.50@9.25; fair to good heavy and plain steers,$ 7.00@7.75; common and light butchers, $5.00@5.50; choice cows, $5.00@5.50; fair to good, $4.00@4.50; common cows, canners and cutters, $1.50@2.50; choice handyweight bulls, $5.50@6.50; choice heavy bulls, $5.00@5.50; common and bologna bulls, $3.50@4.50. Calves—Receipts, 200; 50c lower; good to choice veal calves, $11.00@11.50; fair to good, $5.00@9.00. Sheep and lambs — Receipts, 800; market steady; good to choice Spring lambs, $12.50@13.00; fair to good, $10.50@11.50; good to choice sheep, $5.50@6.50; good to choice ewes, $2.00@3.00; common, $2.00@3.00. Hogs—Receipts, 2,000; steady to 10c higher; yorkers, $7.25; heavies, $7.50; mediums, $7.30@7.40; pigs and lights, $6.25; roughs, $5.50; stags, $4.50.

Chicago—Hogs—Receipts, 56,000; mostly steady; big packers bidding around 10c lower; bulk good and choice 200 to 325-pound butchers, $7.15@7.50; top, $7.50; desirable 150 to 190-pound averages, $6.80@7.10; packing sows, $6.40@6.65; slaughter pigs, strong; bulk desirable weighty kind, $5.75@6.00. Cattle—Receipts, 28,000; uneven; most fed steers and yearlings eligible at $9.00@10.50; yearlings, early, $1075; light weight fed yearlings, $8.75@10.00; bulls steady to weak; most bolognas, $4.00@4.40; vealers, weak to 25c lower; mostly $9.50 to packers; stockers and feeders strong to 25c higher; $5.00@7.00. Sheep — Receipts, 24,000; slow; fat lambs, 25@40c lower; culls steady; sheep scarce; no early sales; looks weak to 25c lower; feeding lambs, steady to strong; good and choice fat lambs, $12.50@12.75; cull natives, $9.50@10.00.

East Buffalo — Cattle — Receipts, 5,125; good grade butchers fairly active and generally steady; heifers strong; canners, 15c lower; bulls 25c lower; shipping steers, $9.50@12.50; butchers, $8.00@9.50; yearlings, $9.00@11.50; heifers, $5.25@7.50; fair to choice cows, $2.25@6.25; canners and cutters, $1.50@2.25; bulls, $2.25@5.25; stockers and feeders, $4.00@6.50; fresh cows and springers, choice firm, common slow, $35.00@125.00 per head. Calves—Receipts, 2,000; active and steady, $4.00@12.00. Hogs — Receipts, 21,000; slow; pigs, 25c higher; others steady to 10c lower; heavy, $7.75@8.00; mixed, $7.65@7.75; yorkers, $7.50@7.65; light yorkers, $6.75@7.25; pigs, $6.50@6.75; roughs, $5.75@6.00; stags, $3.50@4.50. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 16,000; sheep slow; lambs active; lambs, 50c lower, $7.00@12.75; yearlings, steady, $7.00@11.00; wethers, 50c lower, $7.50@8.00; ewes, $2.00@7.00; mixed sheep, $7.00@7.50.

Pittsburgh — Cattle — Receipts, 2,000; steady; steers, $9.15@9.35; heifers, $6.50@7.75; cows, $5.00@5.50. Hogs—Receipts, 12,000; lower; heavies, $7.50@7.70; heavy yorkers, $7.25@7.30; light yorkers, $6.25@6.50; pigs, $5.50@6.00. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 5,000; top sheep, $7.75; steady; top lambs, $13.00; lower. Calves — Receipts, 1,200; steady; top, $13.00.

Indianapolis — Hogs — Receipts, 7,000; steady to strong; heavies, $7.50@7.70; lights, $7.25@7.35; top, $7.70; pigs, $5.00@6.75. Cattle—Receipts, 800; very dull to steady; steers, $5.00@10.00; beef cows, $3.75@6.00; heifers, $4.00@8.50. Calves—Receipts, 350; steady; veals, $8.00@11.50. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 50; steady; sheep nominal; lambs, $7.00@11.00.

BERLIN PARES BIG PAYROLL

Drastic Order to Reduce Government Forces 25 Per Cent.

It was officially announced last week that from motives of economy and from effort to balance the budget drastic reduction in expenditure must be enforced by the German government in all directions. The number of officials of the reich will be reduced by 25 per cent but no dismissal will be made on political or religious grounds.

The economies include the reduction and postponement of payment of compensation to persons in the occupied territory.

Berlin, alone, had 150,000 persons unemployed and the government order that all official services must be curtailed 25 per cent in personnel probably will add 50,000 to the unemployed list.

The new order extends to the railways, the postal service and all other services. All employes over 65 years of age are to be removed on the theory that the government must retain workers capable of giving the maximum service. Persons of 58 years and more are allowed to leave the service voluntarily and retain their right to pensions, but the pensions in all cases will be only from 40 to 80 per cent of the old rate, and the payments will cease to persons who are able to make their living by other work.

Married teachers with husbands capable of supporting them or if the teachers have sufficient money themselves to live upon, are to be retired.

New Yorker Heads Bankers

John W. Prentiss, New York, was elected president of the Investment Bankers' Association of America at the concluding session of the organization's twelfth annual convention. An invitation from Cleveland to hold the 1924 convention in that city was extended by Fred S. Barton and Charles A. Otis, and will be considered at the January meeting of the board of governors.

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U. S. GOVERNMENT wants help. Men, women, 18 up. $92-$250 month. Steady; vacation. Influence unnecessary. List positions free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. E-46, Rochester, N. Y.

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AGENTS—Make a dollar an hour. Sell Mendets, a patent patch for instantly mending leaks in all utensils. Sample package free. Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. 710-C, Amsterdam, N. Y.

AGENTS—Write for free Fall catalog 200 sure sellers; blankets flannels, hosiery, slippers, house dresses novelties, etc. Economy Sales Co., Dept. 287, Boston, Mass.

RUMMAGE sales make $50 daily. We start you. Representatives wanted everywhere. Wholesale Distributors, Dept. 119, 609 Division St., Chicago.

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WE PAY $50 A WEEK AND EXPENSES and give Ford auto for men to introduce poultry and stock compounds. Imperial Co., D-47, Parsons, Kansas.

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Patents—Booklet free. Highest references; best results; promptness assured. Watson E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer, 624 F st., Washington, D. C.

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WRITERS—ATTENTION! Stories, poems, plays, etc., are wanted for publication. Good ideas bring big money. Submit manuscripts or write Literary Bureau, 114 Hannibal, Mo.

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SIXTH and SEVENTH books of Moses. Egyptian Secrets. Black Art; other rare books. Catalog free. Star Book Co., L41, Camden, N. J.

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FRUIT TREES direct to planters in large or small lots by express, freight or parcel post. It will pay you to get our prices before buying. Free 68 page catalog. Peaches, apples, plums, pears, cherries, grapes, nuts, berries, pecans, vines. Ornamental trees, vines and shrubs. Tennessee Nursery Co., Box 132, Cleveland, Tenn.

FARMS WANTED.

WANTED to hear from owner having farm or unimproved land for sale. John J. Black, Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin.

MISCELLANEOUS FARMS FOR SALE

50 Acres With Horses, Furnished House, Winter's Hay

100 bu. potatoes, 50 bu. oats, 50 bu. beans, tools, sheep, implements; no Winter worries, family's comfort assured; schools, stores, churches; dark loamy fields, 30 apple trees, 21 plums, pears, berries; comfortable 2-story, 6-room house, 2 barns, poultry house. Reduced to settle affairs quickly, all only $1800; part cash. Details page 41 Illus. Catalog Bargains—many states. Copy free. STROUT FARM AGENCY, 150-S Nassau St., New York City.

AGRARIAN IN GERMANY HOARDS AS POPULACE CRIES FOR FOODSTUFFS

How Germany, despite abundant crops and storehouses virtually bursting with foodstuffs, is face to face with a food shortage in the cities is disclosed in a confidential report received in London embodying the results of a survey of the German food situation made by an official but neutral observer.

Conflicting accounts have come from Germany concerning food supplies—one version telling how restaurant life is flooded with food of the best quality served in prodigal abundance while a different version is that food riots are occurring in many largely populated areas.

The returned neutral observer emphasizes that there undoubtedly is an acute food shortage in German cities, which he attributes solely to the country's demoralized financial system. While the bumper crops predicted earlier in the season have not been realized, this observer, who also is an expert agriculturist, found there was an abundant harvest but that the farmers refused to part with it because of the worthlessness of Germany's inflated currency.

"It is not surprising that the farmers refuse this valueless money for the fruit of their hard work," he said. "Inflation of the currency has now reached such proportions that whatever amount the farmers might receive for their crops the money would certainly be almost valueless a few hours afterward. As a result, perishable products are being left in the ground and others are kept in storage, so that as yet there has been no loss of foodstuffs.

"German finance has now become so fantastic it would seem steps would have to be taken for its immediate reform. One thing is certain, however, and that is, that the farmers will continue to withhold their products until they receive real money for them. If finance remains unreformed, continued food riots may again bring real hardships to town dwellers."

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Cabaret, Choir Singer Gets Chance to Try for Fame in Grand Opera

Gifted with a contralto voice and the possessor of a large store of courage, Miss Kathryn Meisle has attained a goal which hundreds of her American sisters have sought in vain. Miss Meisle, who formerly was a singer in an Atlantic City, N. J., cafe, will make her debut with the Chicago Civic Opera company—her first appearance in grand opera.

The Chicago company awarded her a contract this Summer. She had had only two years in concert work to her credit when the richness of her voice attracted the attention of Herbert M. Johnson, an officer of the Chicago company.

Struggles in Youth.

From the time she was a mere child and on up until several years ago her life was just a series of struggles. She was born in Philadelphia and her father, a lover of music, began her musical education at an age when her legs dangled half way between the piano stool and the floor.

There wasn't any money to spare for music lessons at that time, so her father decided to teach her what he knew himself. Subsequently she was sent to a music school. She became a good pianist, and with money earned by playing at movie and vaudeville houses was able to continue her voice education.

Sings in Cabaret.

When she was 15 years old, Miss Meisle said, she obtained a position in a choir of an Episcopal church in Philadelphia. While singing there she was offered the place of contralto in a mixed quartet in an Atlantic City cabaret. Kathryn knew the members of the quartet who assured her parents she would be in good hands; so she accepted.

"I have never been ashamed of what I've been through," the youthful singer said, in replying to a questioner. "No one ever knew that I was singing in the church choir and in a cafe. It was a wonderful experience. I learned a great deal about life during those years."

In private life Miss Meisle is Mrs. Calvin M. Franklin, the wife of a Philadelphia business man.

Friends to Pause at Wilson's Door

Friends of Woodrow Wilson formulated plans recently for their third annual pilgrimage to the former president's home on Armistice day in demonstration in his honor.

Wilson will receive the crowd from the front steps of his S street home, it was announced by Mrs. H. E. C. Bryant, secretary of the committee in charge of arrangements, and it is expected he will speak briefly as he did last year. Huston Thompson, a member of the federal trade commission, is chairman of the committee on arrangements.

SAYS GAS DOES NOT CAUSE T. B.

Physician Thinks Permanent Effect Is Not Serious Menace to Health.

Of all the methods of warfare, gas is the least inhuman and the most effective, Dr. [illegible] B. Francine, director of the tuberculosis clinic of the veterans' bureau declared before the senate committee investigating the bureau.

Dr. Francine said that gasing does not cause tuberculosis, as has been so generally believed. In very marked cases of gasing, he stated, the fine tissue in the air passages of the lungs gives way to a faberoid fiber, which has been widely mistaken as evidence of tuberculosis.

Because it congests the lungs, mustard gas tends to prevent tuberculosis, Dr. Francine said.

He added that gasing frequently does result in more or less chronic bronchitis, but disputed the theory that this condition of the bronchial tubes afforded fertile ground for tuberculosis germs.

"The permanent effect of gas is much more serious on the morale of the men and the heart than anything else," Dr. Francine said, adding that these conditions gradually improved with time.

"Gased men don't die on the battlefield," he declared, relating experiences he had in a front line station in France. In most cases it was necessary to keep the men in bed only 24 hours, he said, and even in the severe cases the men could be evacuated to a base hospital in a week.

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WALTON TOOK $6,000 BRIBE, WITNESS SAYS

Oklahoma Governor Is Accused of Getting Cash Before Acting on School Appropriation.

Val Gardner, formerly a citizen of Tonkawa, Okla., appeared before the house investigating committee of the Oklahoma legislature and testified in corroboration of the charges in the fifth count of the impeachment bill against Governor J. C. Walton, suspended executive members of the committee reported.

That count alleges that Governor Walton received $6,000 from citizens of Tonkawa, in return for which he permitted the appropriation for the Tonkawa preparatory school to stand. Members of the investigating committee said Gardner testified the money—six $1,000 bills—was drawn from the Security National Bank of Tonkawa and given to him in an envelope. He delivered the money to A. B. Snodgrass, an employe of the Oklahoma state highway department, Gardner added.

The transaction took place on the morning of the day the governor approved the school funds, Gardner is said to have informed the committee. This was early in April. The alleged bribe is said to have been raised among Tonkawa citizens. Gardner came to Oklahoma City from Missouri with Tom Cavnar, sheriff of Oklahoma county, who had been sent in search of him.

The grand jury, which is said to be investigating actions of the governor, resumed activities. Possibility of a federal probe of the actions of Governor Walton loomed when it became known that a federal investigator had asked the house committee for evidence regarding an alleged mismanagement of the federal truck funds.

The evidence tends to show that federal trucks, donated to the Oklahoma highway department, were used by the state for purposes other than that for which the federal government intended, legislators who have investigated the actions of the governor charge.

500 GIRL SLAVES SHIPPED TO U. S.

Ex-Spy of Berlin Accused of Directing Band of Confederates.

A discovery of a vast white slave enterprise through which more than 500 girls are reported to have been shipped to the United States, has led to the increased vigilance of American immigration authorities, whose representatives in Hamburg, the Belgian police say, have definite proof of the affair.

The principal of the plot named Brown was president of a girl's protection society in Berlin, who sent the girls via Antwerp, Hamburg and Rotterdam to the United States, where they fell into the hands of his confederates.

When the traffic was discovered, as the result of numerous complaints, Brown fled from Germany. The Belgian authorities regard as curious the fact that they have received no request for Brown's arrest from German authorities.

They suggest that this is perhaps due to the fact that during the war, Brown was reported to have been one of the most active members of the German espionage system and the Germans are afraid that were he arrested in Belgium, he would make startling revelations regarding the war-time activities of German spies.

Pershing Visits Town En Route to Verdun

General Pershing motored through Chaumont, en route to Verdun, where he visited the Franco-American war monument inaugurated last June. The American commander called on the mayor and promised on his return to pay a longer visit to Chaumont, which he made his headquarters during the war.

HAVE KIDNEYS EXAMINED BY YOUR DOCTOR

Take Salts to Wash Kidneys if Back Pains You or Bladder Bothers

Flush your kidneys by drinking a quart of water each day, also take salts occasionally, says a noted authority, who tells us that too much rich food forms acids which almost paralyze the kidneys in their efforts to expel it from the blood. They become sluggish and weaken; then you may suffer with a dull misery in the kidney region, sharp pains in the back or sick headache, dizziness, your stomach sours, tongue is coated, and when the weather is bad you have rheumatic twinges. The urine gets cloudy, full of sediment, the channels often get sore and irritated, obliging you to seek relief two or three times during the night.

To help neutralize these irritating acids, to help cleanse the kidneys and flush off the body's urinous waste, get four ounces of Jad Salts from any pharmacy here; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days, and your kidneys may then act fine. This famous salts is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for years to help flush and stimulate sluggish kidneys; also to neutralize the acids in the system so they no longer irritate, thus often relieving bladder weakness.

Jad Salts is inexpensive; cannot injure and makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink. By all means have your physician examine your kidneys at least twice a year.—Advertisement.

Whom He Would Spend It On

— From Kuhn in Indianapolis News.

This Inventor Dreams of Helping Humanity by Abolishing Slumber

Macbeth, they say, murdered sleep. Now Arthur Cotton, personable young Britisher, threatens to get it put out of the dictionary.

Mr. Cotton contends that sleep is superfluous and promises to prove his theory some day by an electrical process that will "knit up the raveled sleeve of care" more efficiently than slumber ever did.

This man of 24 appears to be what his teachers used despairingly to call a "born inventor." He began his ingenious career one night at Eton in the time of the air raid terror when he was called down for having a light on and the blinds up.

He was only 15 years old then, but he contrived something that served its purpose, which was to turn on the light and pull down the blinds simultaneously.

At 16 years of age Cotton had perfected a torpedo that not only would blow up ships, but would go about in the ocean hunting for them. His friends laughed at his model, but somebody in the government got wind of it, and the boy was brought before the admiralty and advised to apply for a patent.

Later Cotton was let into the navy for research work, and finally when the war was over went to Cambridge. Here he put questions that none of his teachers could answer.

Invents All the Time.

Finally they stopped trying, and Cotton was allowed, as a tremendous concession, to stay around for three years, attending no lectures, but doing research work and using the laboratories, a privilege never before granted to a student.

"If you were born to invent," he says, "you just can't stop. The urge seizes you any time, especially when you see something inconvenient or difficult.

"I have gone further than I will ever tell anybody with some of my experiments in, for instance, mind-reading and mental telepathy," Cotton went on.

"If the wrong man ever got hold of the secret of bending the will of others to his he might do a great deal of damage in the world. So it must be guarded. But I may say that mental telepathy works on much the same priciple as the wireless."

Likes New York.

The inventor believes that his electrical substitute for sleep will be ready to give to the world in a few years. It will revolutionize work, he declares. Other Cotton discoveries include a motor car jack that will make it possible for the wheel of a motor to be removed without anybody in the vehicle moving from his seat. The inventor has also worked out a gear box that has no metallic connection with the rest of the car.

In London, by means of crystals obtained from minerals, Cotton was able to answer his telephone from any part of the room. But the telephone authorities made him take down his apparatus.

Since he has not yet worked out his plan for doing without sleep, he has rigged up a temporary device for inducing it, especially on a sleeping car.

"New York is a fine place to invent in," he told me, contentedly adjusting the spectacles that, in combination with his youthful face, make him look like a schoolboy. "Even the air tingles, and then, too, nobody has time to laugh at any other person's mistakes."

CO-EDS STEAL RIDES TO SEE ELEVENS PLAY

Minnesota Lassies Back From Football Jaunt in Time for Early Classes.

The University of Minnesota co-eds caught "riding the blinds" at LaCrosse, Wis., while on their way home from the Wisconsin-Minnesota football game, told friends they "didn't miss a class," because the police chief was sympathetic when they told him "we haven't time to stay in jail" because of classes.

The girls, Hazel Casserly and Elsie Mott, both of Minneapolis, are seniors in the physical education department.

Harry P. Brown, night patrolman of La Crosse, stopped the girls when he saw them get off the front end of a Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul train, when it stopped there at 3 A. M. Monday.

"I saw a revolver sticking out of one of the girls' pockets," Brown said, "or I wouldn't have thought to stop them. The girl who was carrying the gun told me that she had it for protection and that the police at Hudson had told her she could carry it if she didn't keep it concealed."

Brown said Chief of Police J. Webber also got off the train and that he put the matter to him for a decision. When the girls told the chief that they had 8:30 classes at the university, he ordered them released, they said, and they left, riding in the baggage car.

They arrived 25 minutes before class time.

Votes War Appropriation

The Argentine chamber of deputies, after a secret session recently, voted an appropriation of 108,000,000 gold pesos for military expenditures. The chamber adopted a resolution requesting the government to undertake friendly negotiations with Brazil for the purpose of reaching an armament equilibrium between the two countries.

BUILDER PLANS TO CUT COSTS

One Testified He Charged Increased Rent Just for Fun.

Two builders, one applying the Ford production principle to housing and the other a builder of single units, told the New York state housing commission the other day they were positive that decent, livable tenements could be built at the present time to rent for $9 and $10 a room. The former said he now is building one hundred houses in Astoria which will rent for $9 a room and declared that up to 1916 he built the same apartments to rent for $3 a room; in 1919 he built them for $6 a room, and altogether he has built 1,000 tenements to house 30,000 persons.

The other builder, speaking from an experience of 40 years in the business, told the commission frankly that he had just completed a $238,000 tenement which could be rented for $10 a room and which would then yield a return of 8 per cent on the investment and allow several hundred dollars over. However, the property is not controlled by him, the rent for apartments in this house has been fixed at $20 a room.

Victor M. Earl, real estate agent, asserted the 1920 situation was "a state of mind," and admitted he had taken advantage of the "state of mind" by charging $2,400 for an apartment that he rented for $1,900 to the old tenant. The $1,900 was a 20 per cent increase over the previous rent, and he tacked on an additional $500, he testified, "just to see what I could do."

The new tenant appeared to be eager to get the apartment at the higher figure, the witness said, and to the old tenant it appeared high at $1,900. With the woman who took the apartment at $2,400 it was not a quesion of what it was worth, he asserted, but "a state of mind."

"Do you think you should have taken advantage of that state of mind?" he was asked.

"Yes, because the other fellow in the same boat would have done the same thing," replied Earl.

"Do you think the state of mind has passed?" asked Mr. Shientag.

"I think it has," was the reply.

Finds Ships Lose Weight Going East

In the course of experiments to discover the origin of mountains, Professor W. G. Duffield, who occupies the chair of physics at Reading university, has found that ships traveling east are lighter than when going west.

He found that a 2,000-ton destroyer was four hundred weight lighter traveling east than when going west, because everything traveling east is going in the same direction as the earth is revolving and the centrifugal force is greater than when it is traveling west.

Therefore, he says, a 50,000-ton Atlantic liner would weigh approximately five tons less on its journey to England than when traveling to America.

To Simplify Tax Payers' Problem

"Form 1040," which has stumped many an income tax payer with its six pages of questions, instructions and what-not, is to be simplified.

Hereafter, the internal revenue bureau announced it will consist of a single sheet and will be used in reporting net income of not more than $5,000 derived chiefly from salary and wages. Questions will be on one side of the blank; instructions on the other.

"More than 4,000,000 persons, or approximately 70 per cent of those required to file individual income tax returns," the bureau's announcement said, "are favorably affected by the revision and simplification."

The six-page form will continue in use for taxpayers, any of whose income is derived from business or profession, sale of property or rents, even though the total is less than $5,000 a year and for those who have yearly incomes of more than $5,000, regardless of the source.

New Cruiser's Captain

Captain Morphin

—Copyright, P. & A. Photos.

Photo shows Captain Morphin who will take command of the U. S. S. Concord which will be commissioned about Nov. 15. The Concord is a sister ship of the Marblehead. The navy will have ten vessels of this type when all under construction are completed.

MELLON'S PEN STICKS PINCHOT

Treasury Head Replies to Charges of Prohibition Non-Co-operation.

Powers which may be invoked by the state authorities in improving prohibition conditions in Pennsylvania were cited by Secretary Mellon in a letter to Governor Pinchot in which he declared the Pennsylvania executive's assertions that the treasury was not co-operating by every means to that end were "gratuitous and not founded on facts."

Replying categorically to Mr. Pinchot's criticisms of federal prohibition enforcement in his letter to Mr. Mellon the treasury head declared in conclusion that it would be more profitable to "expend energies in an effort to ascertain the 'real facts' and better enforce the law than in unjustified criticism."

Breweries and distillers detected in violation of the law are being dealt with in strict accordance with its provision, Mr. Mellon said, in citing the action taken in a number of cases in Pennsylvania brought up in Mr. Pinchot's letter.

Before the Pennsylvania executive had raised the question, Mr. Mellon said, he had already directed that a survey of breweries and of the allowances of alcohol for non-beverage purposes be made in that state. While stating that as desired by Mr. Pinchot he authorized in federal permits the investigation of distilleries and breweries by the Pennsylvania enforcement authorities, Mr. Mellon in this connection called the governor's attention to "the authority for inquiry which you already have under the laws of your own state."

Under this state authority, he said, the means of obtaining search warrants for such a purpose were more readily available than under the federal statute.

Red Ear Was Ticket Enough for One Kiss

When Jacob Kauffman, Ohio farmer, recently found a red ear of corn 14 inches long, he was sorry the discovery wasn't made at one of the old-time "husking bees." The old fashioned cornfield parties, where men and women husked corn by moonlight, are now events of the memory only. The discoverer of a red ear of corn then had the right to claim a kiss from the fairest maiden in the group of huskers.

STABILITY IS KEYNOTE OF COOLIDGE POLICY, OBSERVER RECORDS

Three months of Calvin Coolidge in the White House have served to reveal something of the Coolidge character.

There is still much to be learned about this man concerning whom, until his sudden elevation to the presidency on Aug. 3, comparatively little was known.

Coolidge, more than any president of recent years, is close-mouthed and self-contained man. New and surprising things probably will be learned about him with each succeeding month. He is distinctly the type of president it takes time to know.

Different From Harding.

In this and many other respects he is in striking contrast to his beloved predecessor. Harding, it is true, had the advantage of a presidential campaign with all its intensified publicity to introduce himself to the American public. But his open, expressive nature, his genial and generous personality and his warm, magnetic charm were such that once in the White House, he seemed almost immediately to have become on friendly, if not intimate, terms with nearly everybody.

Coolidge, these three months prove, is destined to be a continuing revelation. In some respects, he is little better known than he was three months ago. In others he has shown himself to be entirely different from the person he was supposed to be. In some ways he is as remarkably like Harding as, in others, he is vastly different. He has confirmed some opinions, modified many, and completely dispelled not a few.

All in all, the new President thus far, has more than made good the predictions that he was unusually equipped in temperament and character to swing the biggest executive job in the world.

Stability Is Keynote.

The keynote of the Coolidge character is "stability." It is the predominant attribute of his mentality as it is the central policy of his administration. In the calendar of administrative crimes, Coolidge thinks "rocking the boat" the worst. It was his passion for stability that made Coolidge an ideal person to meet the supreme governmental emergency. He moved from the inconspicuous position of vice president into the full responsibilities of the presidency without the slightest jolt or jar. His first public utterance after taking the oath of office in his father's farm house was an assurance of stability. His retention of the whole Harding cabinet was a guarantee of stability and practically every official act, deed and word since then has been in keeping with that policy.

Supplementing Coolidge's stable trait is his caution. There's no doubt that he is cautious and since becoming chief executive he may have seemed over-cautious. No one realizes better than Coolidge the extent to which peace, contentment, prosperity, even civilization itself, depends upon stability of government and he is highly resolved that, as head of this government his first and most i. portant business is preserving the fundamental equilibrium of things.

A Cautious Progressive.

Necessarily, therefore, Coolidge is also conservative. The new and the novel make little appeal to him unless coupled with an actual emergency. He must be shown a positive need before he will give his consent to a change. He will not sanction a change merely because someone tells him it would be a nice thing.

With all his caution and conservatism, however, Coolidge is by no means a reactionary. He might be described fitly as "a progressive with the brakes on." He wants sane, steady progress but no skidding, no smash-ups and no casualties. "Cal" Coolidge covets the reputation of a careful driver.

In these qualities, Coolidge is much like Harding. Harding was the same cautious kind of progressive that his successor is. But even as Harding possessed warmth of personality and charm of manner which Coolidge, in a degree, lacks, so Coolidge has a valuable quality which Harding had not.

This is the quality of decisiveness. Coolidge seldom, if ever, says, "I want to," or "I intend to" do this or that. He says, instead, "I have done this," or "I have appointed that man."

Avoids Trouble Spots.

Coolidge aims to avoid accumulating trouble and inviting controversies by getting things done before the trouble-makers, the jealous rivals and the zealous advocates get started.

One of the myths about Coolidge, which the past three months have exploded, is the taciturnity myth. Coolidge is truly careful and sparing with his words but he is far from being taciturn. It's no "Silent Cal" that sits in the White House.

This was officially and finally demonstrated by Coolidge's first press conference at the White House. The new President answered so promptly, fully and frankly the inquiries with which he was bombarded that, at the end, all precedents for such occasions were broken by a spontaneous burst of hand-clapping. Cynical reporters are not given to applause.

Coolidge, it is true, is not a prolific producer of words, either spoken or written. He never uses words simply to be saying something or to make pleasant conversation. He would rather listen than talk and he is a mighty good listener.

Concise Talker.

But he is also a good talker. He is fluent, if not eloquent. When the occasion arises his ideas flow into words and the words form pithy, pregnant phrases and short, crisp sentences. Coolidge uses words to convey thoughts, not to conceal his meaning or to produce persiflage. He is concise but not taciturn.

Another Coolidge myth, which has been shattered, is the myth that the President is humorless. As a matter of fact he has such an acute sense of the humorous that those who regularly see and hear him have frequently the feeling that he is repressing a witty remark or a joke.

He likes stories, he tells stories, and he frequently makes funny "cracks," which are the funnier because he makes them without the trace of a smile. One can easily imagine that had he turned to writing for a living instead of office-holding he would have gained fame as a humorist, after the George Fitch style perhaps.

Coolidge, though not of the "mixer" type, has shown himself to be a firm believer in the Harding "gospel of understanding." He applies it right along. He confers. He consults. He gets all the points of view. He is just as strong at the "best mind" business as Harding was.

Moreover, he has well developed the Harding talent for conciliation and compromise. He hears opposing arguments and then he gets the opposing sides together. He knows how to offer and make concessions.

Harding always was supposed to be a good organization man but, so far as the Republican party was concerned, he was not the organization man that Coolidge is proving himself to be. Whereas Harding seldom consulted with Chairman John F. Adams of the Republican national committee, or other constituted party chiefs, Coolidge has made it a common practice.

Coolidge, likewise, has acquired the Harding habit of inviting to luncheon or dinner persons who have views or information likely to prove useful in his presidential business. New York bankers, Minneapolis wheat men, Pennsylvania railroad executives, Indiana politicians drop into the White House to "pay their respects" and remain to break bread and tell the President everything he wants to know.

Coolidge thus is achieving a reputation as the most proficient and painless extractor of valuable information who ever occupied the presidency. He asks pertinent questions and listens while thoughtfully masticating his food. The guest, impressed with the importance of setting the President right, usually talks his head off and, according to report, is lucky to get a dozen good swallows of nourishment.

The appetite of Coolidge for information is prodigious. He is a voracious consumer of facts.

This accounts for the fact that the President's principal recreation is reading. It is the only recreation that he really enjoys. When he walks or rides horseback it is only because some sort of physical exercise is imperative. He would prefer to sit in a corner with a book.

Coolidge cares nothing for the theater or the usual society affairs. Both Harding and Wilson were regular attendants at Washington theaters but Coolidge has yet to grace any sort of a purely entertainment or amusement performance.

His only known "vice" is smoking cigars.

NAVY PREPARES FOR WAR GAME

Huge Fighting Force of U. S. to Take Part in Sea Maneuvers.

The greatest and most spectacular peace time naval engagements ever "fought" will be staged early next year off Panama and in the Caribbean sea, it is shown by naval plans announced in Los Angeles.

Practically the whole effective marine fighting force of the United States will be represented in the three months of maneuvers designed to test revolutionary developments in strategy and implements of naval warfare since the close of the World war.

Plans for this vast war game have been in preparation for weeks in conferences here and at other points on the Pacific coast. These conferences, under direction of Admiral Robert E. Coontz, commander-in-chief of the United States fleet, were marked by the gathering and consultation of the largest number of commanding executive officers of naval establishment units that has occurred since the war.

Major problems in the complete scheme of a war enter into the plans for the winter maneuvers. These embrace attack upon land defenses, with army units participating, that is a naval fight against an army defending a fortified coast; defensive and offensive actions by army and naval units against naval units along the coast; defensive and offensive actions at sea between naval units, with the full utility of undersea and air units.

There will be aerial battles, undersea battles, destroyer, fast cruiser and dreadnaught engagements, as well as landing battles in which a complete force of marines will be involved, divided into infantry, artillery, engineer, aviation and signal corps branches of that arm of the naval establishment.

PIT WALK-OUT SEEMS LIKELY

Soft Coal Strike Next Spring Considered Probable by Some.

Taking a long look ahead well informed observers say that another coal strike is scheduled for next Spring in the bituminous field. The agreement which ended the strike of 1922 ends March 31, and a suspension of mining operations will take place the following day unless a new agreement shall have been negotiated in the meanwhile.

Spokesmen for the United Mine workers charge that the non-union operators have control of the National Coal association and are doing everything in their power to precipitate a strike with a two-fold object in view: first, to break up and destroy the union, and, second, to control the market during the strike period and sell their coal at profiteering prices such as were charged during the 1922 strike.

On the other hand the operators charge that the miners, in their efforts to unionize all the mines, are seeking to get a strangle hold on the entire industry, enforce outrageous wage demands and the extension of the check-off system, and inflict an unwarranted advance in coal prices upon the consumer.

The miners say the operators are trying to compel arbitration in wage fixing, to which the union cannot agree and survive. The operators say that the wage demands of the union are so unreasonable that an agreement can never be reached by negotiation and there must be arbitration or there can never be any adjustment of differences. The operators add that the miners must know that their demands are indefensible, otherwise they would not decline to arbitrate, and to this the miners retort that they always get the worst of it in an arbitration and that the insistence of the operators upon arbitration is only a subterfuge to win the approval of the uninformed and unthinking public.

In this situation it is barely possible that congress may get busy early in the approaching session and take some action that will prevent another disastrous interruption of the nation's basic fuel supply.

Statue to Honor Poet

Brazil will erect in Mexico City great bronze statue of the famous Brazilian poet, Gonvalez Dias, as a mark of esteem and affection, says a report to the foreign office by the Mexican ambassador to Rio de Janeiro. The ambassador adds that the necessary funds have already been voted and that the Brazilian government was prompted to the act by the presentation during the centennial at Rio of an heroic figure of Cuauhtemoc, the last Aztec emperor, to Brazil, by the Mexican government.

Jobs are scarce for the

Physically Run-Down

THE DOOR of opportunity flings wide its portals only to the man who is up and doing—who is filled with pep and punch—with rich, red blood tingling through his veins. Mountain size obstacles dwindle to ant hills and ambitions become accomplishments to these sort of men.

Where is the employer who seeks the man who is physically run-down?—The man without stamina to withstand the knocks and gaff of the hurrying, scurrying world of business?

S. S. S. is the long established and time honored creator of red blood cells. You cannot expect to get very far up the ladder unless you are equipped with a body that is strong and vigorous. S. S. S. will start you on your way. Don't allow the "Door of Opportunity" to be closed to you because you have not the stamina to withstand the gaff—because your nerve power is lacking. Build up your system!

S. S. S. made of carefully selected and scientifically prepared and proportioned herbs and barks makes you fit! Get back that old time punch! When opportunity knocks be ready to answer the call!

S. S. S. is sold at all leading drug stores. It is more economical to buy a large size bottle.

S.S.S. Makes You Feel Like Yourself Again

EUROPE SETTLES FARMER'S FATE

The Blade presents here the sixth of a series of interviews—one each week — with outstanding figures in American life. They will be devoted to topics which are now of the most vital interest to all Americans. —Editor's Note.

BY EDWARD F. ROBERTS

Restore stable conditions in Europe and you will restore prosperity to the American farmer.

That in a nutshell is the remedy for our agricultural troubles prescribed by Julius H. Barnes, president of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, and the head of the greatest grain exporting house in America.

Mr. Barnes is not the kind of a man who renders snap judgments. This tall, quiet-spoken Westerner, who, as American Grain Administrator took a major part in the gigantic task of feeding the Allied armies during the war, has a somewhat disconcerting habit of looking you over thoughtfully for a few moments before he answers a question. If he does not feel certain of his answer he does not give it.

What Hope for Farmer?

"What hope has the American farmer got for an end to his troubles?" That was my first question when I met Mr. Barnes in his aerie in the top of one of New York's greatest skyscrapers, an aerie from which he had watched the grain argosies of America set sail for Europe during those momentous years which decided the fate of the world's freedom.

Mr. Barnes looked meditatively at his desk which was as bare and polished as if it has just arrived from the factory. Business does not accumulate arrears in that office.

"I suppose you mean the wheat farmer," he said. "The cotton farmer is in good shape and the hog and corn farmer is not in such a bad position. Hogs are selling at seven to seven and a half cents as against five cents before the war and corn is 80 cents as compared with a pre-war price of 55 cents. Compared with other merchandise these prices are fairly good. It is only in the case of wheat that there is any serious trouble."

"What is the cause for the depression in wheat?"

Must Look Abroad.

"Conditions in Europe," replied Mr. Barnes, "and especially the chaotic state of most European currencies. If the American wheat farmer is to understand his own position he must understand the relation he bears to Europe. There are 300,000,000 wheat consumers over there whose normal needs call for monthly imports of between 50,000,000 and 60,000,000 bushels, 80 per cent of which must be supplied by us. One trouble with the farmer is that he does not look beyond the merchant through whom he markets his grain. The merchant looks farther of course. He is selling in a dozen countries, in scarcely one of which can he tell from day to day what the value of money will be. Naturally he confines himself to minimum shipments. His business life depends on his caution."

Mr. Barnes paused. "The net result is?" I prompted.

"The most positive and obvious result is that shipments are curtailed and wheat intended for export rests idle in American warehouses with the inevitable depressing effect on prices.

"How much wheat is affected in this way?"

"About one month's normal exports. That is, there are about 50,000,000 bushels backed up on the American market, a quite sufficient load to keep prices down. That represents the vital difference between the wheat farmer and the hog or corn farmer. The main consumption of hogs and corn is domestic and when we have prosperity at home the hog or corn raiser shares in it directly. On the other hand 20 per cent of our wheat crop is surplus which must be disposed of abroad and in this instance abroad means Europe."

Unwarranted Talk.

"The farmers seem to think speculation on the exchanges is partly responsible at least for the price situation," I suggested.

"Yes," said Mr. Barnes reflectively. "There is a great deal of unwarranted talk about speculation and most of it is based on ignorance. That kind of talk has resulted in the Capper-Tincher bill which unfortunately adds to the idea that all speculation is wrong and tends to put a stigma on every man who engages in it. The truth is of course that the kind of speculation known in the trade as "hedging" is not only not wrong but is the only means which has been devised of keeping the market stable and preventing fluctuations which would be disastrous to both grower and trader. Manipulative speculation, where huge quantities of any commodity are dealt in with no other purpose than to effect prices and in violation of natural business laws, is an evil which should rightly be stopped and which, as a matter of fact, is rarely attempted. The worst of it is that when such an attempt is made it receives a tremendous lot of publicity and the public gets the idea that all speculation is of the same kind and all equally wrong."

"Do you think the present European situation offers encouragement to the farmer?"

"Unquestionably yes," replied Mr. Barnes, this time with no trace of hesitation. "Conditions in Europe are improving steadily and production is steadily increasing."

"But will not increased production in Europe mean a falling off in demand for American products? Several statements have been made recently regarding Russia's re-entry as an exporter and particularly of wheat. If Russia, Rumania and the other wheat-producing countries of Europe come into the world market again will not that added competition increase the difficulties of the American farmer?"

Insufficient Evidence.

Mr. Barnes shook his head. "I have seen the kind of stories you refer to," he said, "but once again it is a question of rushing to conclusions on insufficient evidence. As far as Russia is concerned her lack of transportation facilities will prevent her exporting wheat in any important quantities for a long time to come. The other countries are producing practically to their capacity now. German soil is almost exhausted. France cannot do more than she is doing and Italy would need extensive irrigation plants to utilize her vacant soil. Such plants are impossible in a country where eathquakes have to be figured on. Outside of Russia I do not think all Europe could increase her present wheat more than five or at best 10 per cent. To offset that you have to consider the improved standards of living which are one of the few good results of the war.

"Standards of living are rising all over Europe and the experience of all history shows that as people advance in civilization they become wheat eaters. That is happening today in the more backward countries of Europe and the same thing will come in time to the Orient. The Japanese, the Chinese and the East Indians will some day become consumers of wheat. That day may be a long way off but in any event the demand for wheat throughout the world must keep growing and its most important growth for the present will be in our greatest market—Europe.

"The American farmer has no need to fear the future. It grows steadily brighter. All that he requires is stable conditions in Europe. Anything that tends toward that end is to his direct advantage as everything moil is to his direct injury."

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